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THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.

WITH the exception of the insignificant outpost affair of Wednesday morning, no actual fighting has taken place in Egypt since the engagement of Monday week. It is, however, announced that regular orders have been issued, and preparations made, for an advance of all the troops, except those necessarily holding the base, to Kasassin, and for an immediate march thence at the beginning of next week. It may be hoped that there is more truth in this announcement than in the famous statements respecting the projected attack on Aboukir. No one can say that the past fortnight has been a fortnight of total inaction, but in so far as action against the enemy is concerned it may almost deserve that description. The causes of this are not in dispute since Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's very frank confession that he has "got ahead" of transport in his advance to Kasassin. An excuse of this kind is emphatically an accusation, though the accusation which it implies does not necessarily bear on the General alone. Yet it is difficult to believe that some at least of the difficulties which have been experienced might not have been obviated by a little more forethought. In the middle of this week, more than a fortnight after the landing at Ismailia, it is said that of the seven engines at work on the railway, "it is questionable whether one" had come from England." Engines might certainly have been sent from Alexandria, where there is but little use for them, so as to be ready at the same time as the troops, and mule and camel transport might have been assembled with much greater celerity. For such defects as the alleged deficiency of medicines and hospital appliances a week after the landing, and at not more than twenty miles' distance from the base, there is no excuse whatever. The omission to supply tobacco is one of those small but not unimportant matters which should be strictly looked to, and the alleged badness of the flour is worse still. If the latter statement be correct, either the commissariat or the contractors have certainly incurred a very heavy responsibility.

After allowing for these various hindrances, and putting aside the question of who is responsible for them, there is more to be said. It is not mere impatience which makes some critics regard with no favourable eye the delay which has taken place. It has certainly enabled ARABI to strengthen his position considerably, and it has once more permitted his troops to recover their spirits after the check of Monday week, a fact sufficiently shown by the outpost affair of Wednesday. It is one thing to despise the enemy; it is another to comprehend and act upon the apparently well-ascertained truth that with foes of doubtful discipline and steadiness one successful blow should always be followed up by another. It seems to be admitted on all hands that if Sir BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR's instructions had permitted him, or if he had on his own authority ventured to send his blue-jackets and Marines forward on the day after the bombardment, the rebellion would in all probability have collapsed at once. It is in the same way by no means improbable that if, instead of being irregularly echeloned along some twenty miles of road, Sir GARNET's whole force had been available at Kasassin on Tuesday week (and it could have marched the distance in the time with ease), an attack on Tel-el-Kebir would have met with very slight resistance. Now, as the naval arrangements on

the Canal made it possible to seize it at any moment, a few days' extra preparation before making a move in force from Alexandria would certainly have sufficed to put the army in some better case than it has enjoyed. As it is, it has covered in nearly three weeks a distance not much greater than that over which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS carried his relieving expedition to Candahar in a single day. Of course there is no comparison between the incumbrances of the present Egyptian force and those of the Candahar expedition, though Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS had no friendly fleet at a few miles' distance to supply him with what he wanted, nor any rail and water-carriage to assist him. But, after allowing for these extra incumbrances, the proportion of one day to three weeks seems a little excessive. The worst of the whole affair is that no valid excuse for the delay or for the imperfect supplies appears to be made except the disorganization of the railway service. This implies an amount of dependence on that service which is in a very high degree unwise. Moreover, though all seems to have thus been staked on the railway, nothing like a proper railway corps appears to have been organized beforehand.

Meanwhile, the event which it was above all things desirable to forestall by a decisive English success—the landing of Turkish troops—becomes every day more imminent. At the last moment it is indeed again announced that there is a hitch in the negotiations, and that the too argumentative denunciations of ARABI in the SULTAN's proclamation have not been satisfactory to Lord DUFFERIN. Until Turkish troops are actually landed in Egypt, it may be rash to found any speculation on the effects of their presence there; but the probability of that presence has, on the whole, increased and may now be said to be very considerable. The terms of the Convention and the appointment of BAKER PASHA as second in command render it likely that the contingent will not be so actively detrimental to English military operations as might otherwise have been the case. But in any event the perverse Oriental mind will attribute successes hereafter gained to the co-operation of the Turks. This might have been attempted even if Tel-el-Kebir had been taken during the precious three weeks in which extemporized engine-drivers have been trying experiments with broken-down engines on the Ismailia railway, at a pace rather faster than that of a pedestrian who is doing an easy constitutional; but it would have had less chance of success. That the enemy's lines would have been less difficult to attack a fortnight ago than they are now also stands to reason. The estimates of the defenders which have been put forth, precise as they are, must of course be received with some suspicion, but they are not improbable. According to this story ARABI has, between Tel-el-Kebir and Salahieh some five-and-twenty thousand regular infantry and cavalry, sixty or seventy guns, and sixteen thousand Bedouin irregulars. To attack these Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has very nearly twenty thousand English and Indian troops of the best quality, with a fair, if not abundant, proportion of excellent artillery. Such a force ought to be far more than a match for its adversary, even though that adversary fights behind cover, and though it may be reinforced from others of ARABI's posts which are not at present threatened. But a fortnight ago ARABI's force was certainly smaller and was much less strongly fortified, while fifteen thousand men at least were available on the English General's part had they been promptly brought to

the front. No sensible Englishman wishes that any risk should be run, much less that deference should be paid to the mere public greed for news. But speed is of the essence of military success, especially in operations like the present. It seems to be a besetting sin of modern English Generals to cumber themselves about elaborate preparation and equipment, which, after all, contributes very little to the comfort or the efficiency of their troops, because it is never at hand at the right moment.

The military interest of the events of the week has been complicated by the attempted cholera scare, and by the renewal of M. DE LESSEPS'S undignified grumbling. Reduced to plain fact, the complaints of the English occupation of Ismailia amount to this—that it is not always easy to avoid disturbing sleep in such an operation, and that persons who do not answer a sentry's challenge are liable to be shot. As M. DE LESSEPS may experience this latter mishap in his own person at any French garrison town in time of peace, it seems hard that he should make a charge of it against English soldiers and sailors in time of war. The cholera affair was magnified unduly, owing partly to the eagerness of certain French journalists to raise an outcry against England, partly to the unnecessary fears of some Englishmen themselves. Except in the Philippines, which are too distant to afford much ground for reasonable alarm, it does not appear that any very severe outbreak of cholera exists, and the arguments against excessive quarantine on the ships of the Anglo-Indian force were so overwhelming that the Egyptian Sanitary Commission itself recognized their weight. It was impossible that any one who retained his faculty of judgment should suspect the commanders of a force of thirty thousand land troops and ten thousand seamen of voluntarily introducing cholera into their camps and fleets.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE.

THERE is no reason to apprehend interference with the operations in Egypt on the part of any foreign Power. For the present even the Russian Government will probably be content to pursue its own objects by exercising its influence over the SULTAN and his Ministers. In time of war there is seldom a middle course between neutrality and active participation. It is to be regretted that the great majority of European journalists should on all occasions use unfriendly language in discussing English policy. M. DE LESSEPS has had the good sense to prevent the managers and contributors of the Paris newspapers from offering him a reception which was exclusively designed as a display of hostility to England. His own feelings of ill will have nevertheless found an opportunity of utterance; but perhaps age may furnish some excuse for a ridiculous exhibition of personal spite. M. DE LESSEPS happily represents only his own opinions and feelings. The French Government has consistently maintained its course of deliberate abstention; and the exponents of M. GAMBETTA'S opinions have uniformly defended the armed intervention of England in Egypt. If the war could have been foreseen ten or five years ago, just apprehension would have been felt on account of the supposed jealousy with which France might have regarded the isolated action of a rival Power. The persistent efforts of Lord GRANVILLE to procure French co-operation, though they failed to obtain their immediate object, have had the good effect of disarming suspicion. At that time the English Government hoped for the suppression of the rebellion by a Turkish army. There was good reason for avoiding if possible the risks which might have attended a joint French and English expedition. The inconvenience has been averted by other methods, without offending any reasonable susceptibilities. If the pending campaign results in the re-establishment of the KHEDIVE'S Government, there will be no hesitation in recognizing the interest of the French Government and nation in Egyptian affairs. In the meantime the criticism of French newspapers must be borne with equanimity.

It is difficult to account for the extraordinary animosity against England which has lately been expressed by Italian writers, and especially by the organs of the Ministry. The relations between the two countries have, since the first establishment of Italian independence, been uniformly friendly, and the cordial sympathy for the national cause which had been generally entertained in

England during the continuance of the struggle was expected to produce a return of good will, if not of gratitude. Only a year ago, when the French proceedings in Tunis caused natural irritation in Italy, the English Government was understood, though it had no direct interest in the question, to regard the virtual annexation of the province rather with regret than with approval. The Joint Control in Egypt had then existed for two or three years without protest on the part of Italy. The maintenance of a common understanding between the English and French Governments was a sufficiently arduous and delicate task; and the system would certainly have broken down if any third partner had been introduced. The numerous Italians who were settled or resident in Egypt profited by the establishment of order and the consequent growth of prosperity; and they had their share in the administration of justice by the mixed tribunals. The collapse of the Joint Control in consequence of a military revolution in no way concerned the interests of Italy, except as far as it disturbed industry and trade. The temporary or permanent detachment of the English Government from co-operation with France could scarcely be unpalatable to the Italian people or Government. Politicians appear to have already become ashamed of the vituperation and the calumnies of angry journalists. The Italian story of a consignment to Sir GARNET WOLSELEY of a pack of two thousand bloodhounds to be employed in hunting Egyptian fugitives transcended the limits of tolerable newspaper fiction, and a reaction seems to have set in; but the present protests of Italian journals suit ill with their late utterances.

The policy of Germany and Austria during the present crisis has been, if it is correctly reported, uniformly neutral. Prince BISMARCK may perhaps no longer desire, as at the time of the Berlin Congress, to promote an English Protectorate in Egypt. It was then suspected that his object was to cause permanent discord between England and France; and later events have tended to show the possibility of reconciling the interests of the two Powers. It has also been stated that Prince BISMARCK regarded the supposed cession of Egypt as an equivalent to England for final withdrawal from all concern in the affairs of European Turkey. It is highly improbable that he should wish to encourage Russian designs on Constantinople; but the gradual substitution of Austria for Turkey as the paramount Power in the Balkan provinces and on the coast of the *Ægean* may perhaps be an object of German diplomatic calculation. Any design of the kind would be wholly unaffected by the English expedition to Egypt. There is no reason to doubt the continuance of the cordial understanding which has now for some time existed between the German and Austrian Governments. The rumour of confidential negotiations between Austria and Russia seems to be unfounded, and there is no reason to suppose that the SULTAN has been encouraged in his tortuous policy by any foreign adviser, except, perhaps, by the Russian AMBASSADOR. In the early part of the negotiations at Constantinople, it was understood that the German and Austrian Governments supported the English proposal for the despatch of a Turkish army to Egypt. The entrance of the Turkish Government into the Conference was ascribed to German counsels; and the same influence was afterwards used to recommend compliance with the English demand of a contingent. It is still doubtful whether the Conference will meet again, and the decision probably depends on future contingencies. It will hardly be worth the while of the Russian Plenipotentiary to repeat his demand for a supervision by the Powers of any Military Convention which may be concluded between the English and Turkish Governments; and yet it is surprising that the proposal has not been anticipated by a distinct refusal to entertain the question. It is more probable that the Conference may propose ostensible securities for the free navigation of the Suez Canal, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE'S belief that the subject was not to enter into their deliberations. It is impossible to dispute the right of every Power to protect its trade; but there seems to be no reason for referring questions affecting the Canal to a Conference of Plenipotentiaries at Constantinople. The only serious issue which can be raised relates to the use of the Canal by men-of-war and transports. No English Government will allow itself to be debarred by the opinion of any Conference from the exercise of indisputable rights. There is no dispute or difficulty about

freedom of commerce in time of peace. A costly war, and an interminable series of diplomatic controversies, excuse to patriots, if they cannot justify to cosmopolitan philanthropists, Lord PALMERSTON'S opposition to the construction of the Canal.

The wearisome interchange of communications between the Porte and the English AMBASSADOR has dragged on, after a settlement had been more than once announced. On few practical questions has there been unanimity so perfect among all parties in England. Anomalies and paradoxes always suggest the probability that they must admit of some unknown explanation; yet it seems almost impossible that the Government should be in possession of a secret which no outside observer has been able to divine. No Minister is likely to have been deterred from taking precautions against an obvious danger by fear of an empty imputation of inconsistency. It is true that Lord DUFFERIN was instructed to press for the despatch of a Turkish force long after the SULTAN'S understanding with ARABI had been disclosed, when Alexandria had been bombarded, and when the English expedition had already landed. From that time to the present it would have been both practicable and reasonable to break off the negotiations at any moment, on the sufficient ground that circumstances had changed, and that the presence of a Turkish force would produce unavoidable complications. The delay of the SULTAN in consenting to the denunciation of ARABI as a rebel sufficiently proved his irreconcilable difference of opinion from the English Government. From the first he has asserted his claim of absolute sovereignty, while the object of the English expedition is to reinstate the KHEDIVÉ in a position of partial independence. There was as much discrepancy in the practical measures to be taken as in the policy of the two uncongenial allies. A Turkish army acting alone could at the worst have facilitated ARABI'S enterprise; and it might possibly have either defeated him in the field or procured the defection of his adherents. It can now only increase the dangers to which the English troops are exposed. The Turkish Government could scarcely be blamed for resenting the undisguised suspicion with which its recent offers have been received. The stipulation as to the place of landing might not unnaturally be regarded as an affront. Aboukir is in the possession of the enemy, and the reasons against allowing admission to Alexandria, though they may be sound, are not complimentary. It is not at present certain that Port Said has been substituted for the places of landing which were at first proposed. But the policy and diplomacy of the English Government being utterly unintelligible, and their results as yet most imperfectly ascertained, they cannot at present be confidently condemned.

IRELAND.

THE moral indicating how a Government should and how it should not deal with refractory subjects and servants has been pointed strikingly in Ireland during the past ten days, and the angry impatience of partisans will not prevent its being drawn. Until nearly the end of last week it did not appear likely that the discontent of the Dublin police would produce any formidable result. Encouraged, however, by the weakness of the Government in dealing with the Constabulary, the malcontents ventured on conduct which even Mr. GLADSTONE'S colleagues could not pass over. It is not known, and very likely never will be known, whether some patriotic subordinate forced the hand of the LORD-LIEUTENANT and the CHIEF SECRETARY in announcing to the men that, by attending the meeting of Thursday week, they incurred the risk of dismissal. But, however this may be, the outrageous insubordination of that meeting made it impossible for men of sense and spirit, as Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN undoubtedly are, to pursue any but one course of conduct. The dismissal of more than a quarter of the entire force, and the resignation of a still larger number, brought Dublin for a moment into a very perilous position, which the conduct of the LORD MAYOR and the ill-affected part of the Corporation did much to aggravate. Fortunately the proverb of appetite coming in eating is visibly justifying itself in regard to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government. Its members have discovered that force, and especially military force, is a remedy for many things, and the garrison of Dublin proved itself fully equal to the emergency. By pickets and patrols and charges

of infantry and cavalry, the rascaldom of the Irish capital was kept within limits on Friday and Saturday night, though much damage to property and some personal injuries occurred. The energetic persons who have in the worst times stood forward as defenders of law and order volunteered freely as special constables; and, though the Roman Catholic inhabitants appear to have been more backward than their Protestant fellow-citizens, excellent service was done by a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church in urging on the police the duty of repentance. This same clergyman, Canon POPE, again distinguished himself by his vigorous denunciation of crime at the meeting called to petition for the respite of HYNES. It is, indeed, much to be hoped that the LORD-LIEUTENANT will not attend to this mischievous proposal. But Canon POPE may be more than pardoned for taking part in it in consideration of his utterances on the general question. The moral texture of the Irish agitation may be sufficiently judged from the fact, that a Christian priest was hissed and groaned for declaring that "no cause could justify murder." It became, moreover (to return to the police question), evident in the course of the proceedings that the revolt against authority was chiefly the work of one or two active and insubordinate individuals rather than a genuine expression of opinion on the part of the force. The unconditional return of the men who had resigned to their duty, and the apology tendered by the great majority of those dismissed, completed the satisfactory results of almost the first act of spontaneous energy shown by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government in Ireland.

No fault can be found with the course of conduct pursued by the LORD-LIEUTENANT towards the dismissed men, as far as the course of considering individual cases is concerned. The good service of the garrison, the patriotism of Lord JAMES BUTLER, Mr. GODDARD, Mr. FITZGERALD, Dr. MOTERS, and other well-known inhabitants of Dublin, and, perhaps, also the absurd spectacle presented by the LORD MAYOR, have made Lord SPENCER so far master of the situation that he can punish or pardon at his discretion. It should be remembered, however, that the analogy of clemency after victory may be carried too far. It is not the duty of the LORD-LIEUTENANT to regard himself as one of the combatants in a duel, who has it in his power to be revengeful or magnanimous as he chooses. The public interest is the first consideration, and it can hardly be for the public interest to allow such conduct as that of Thursday and Friday in last week, as well on the part of the contumacious resigners as of the directly insubordinate men who were dismissed, to pass off with impunity. A general strike of the Dublin police could not always be tided over at the cost of some squares of glass and of a few broken heads. To mention one danger only, if Mr. DAWSON had been as bold a man as he is a silly one, if he had conceived earlier and carried out more promptly his plan of opposition special constables, it can hardly be doubted that the most disastrous riots would have taken place. It must be remembered, too, that the Constabulary question is still by no means settled. The single swallow of Lord SPENCER'S vigorous action does not make a summer of firm government; and Messrs. BERGIN and MURPHY have, it is to be feared, too many likes in the larger force. That the claims of the Dublin police should be carefully considered, and attended to as fully as if this revolt had never taken place, must be the opinion of every man of sense. But at the same time the unsound members of the force should be cut off with an unsparing knife. The proportion of restorations to dismissals seems extraordinarily large, considering the character of the original offence. It may also be doubted whether the practice of resigning *en masse* is not one which requires severer punishment than the faults which led to the dismissal of so many policemen. It is probable that the spectacle of past vacillation had made the men really incredulous of the seriousness of the threat of dismissal, and possible that they did not fully understand the nature of the resolutions they voted. But resignation in a body because comrades have been punished is a proceeding which is not only extremely dangerous, but which can hardly be resorted to without a full comprehension of its meaning. It is a deliberate attempt to terrorize the authorities and to gain private ends at the expense of the public safety. The very men who were dismissed had, at the meeting which was the cause of their dismissal, unanimously resolved to continue their duty; but the resigners flung up that duty in the most reckless and contumacious manner possible. That those of the

dismissed men whom examination has shown to have been misled, and not misleaders, should be reinstated may be well. But it is extremely desirable that, even if it be thought proper to inflict no punishment for the past on those who resigned, some measures may be adopted for the future—such, for instance, as a system of deferred pay—by which similar resignations may be prevented or subjected to penalty.

Besides the police mutiny, Ireland has supplied another subject for reflection this week in the letters of the American Socialist Mr. GEORGE and his companion (identified not merely by internal evidence, but by Mr. GEORGE's express mention, as Mr. JOYNES of Eton) to the *Times*. The latter remarkable composition is very much what might have been expected by those who have read former contributions of Mr. JOYNES to the columns of newspapers; but it suggests the question whether a great public school, with its opportunities of influencing unsteady heads, is exactly the place for a person of Mr. JOYNES's stamp. Mr. GEORGE is one of the numerous visionaries who try to justify the breach of the Eighth and Tenth Commandments by attempting to establish a physical or metaphysical distinction between land and other property. It does not appear that Mr. JOYNES has any such excuse. He is simply a specimen of the busybody class, who are at this moment making the unhappy English nation pay for their whims both at home and abroad. Mr. JOYNES, Mr. WILFRID BLUNT, and Dr. COLENSO form an interesting group as productions of the same country at the same time. The first-named has hitherto enjoyed fewer opportunities than the other two; but his will is equally strong, and, it would appear, his judgment even weaker. Having done his utmost to get himself arrested, Mr. JOYNES is indignant at the conduct of the police in arresting him; and the general calibre of his mind may be sufficiently judged from the fact that he taunts the Irish Constabulary with always being absent when a murder is committed. The "courteous and gentlemanly peasants" whom Mr. JOYNES admires could explain to him (if, indeed, he could understand it) the reason of this singular phenomenon. But since the newspaper to which Mr. JOYNES has communicated what may be termed "The Adventures of an Innocent in Search of a Keeper, with his Complaints when he got one," has credited him with being converted in three days, it may be as well to point out that no conversion was necessary. The letters which Mr. JOYNES addressed to the *Daily News* on the subject of the Skye crofters and such-like matters had displayed his attitude quite sufficiently as that of one who required none. He would deserve little notice here if it were not necessary sometimes to repeat what has often been said before, from the days of SOLOMON downwards, that the foolishhest and most insignificant person can, in certain circumstances, do much harm.

RENEWAL OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE war between the Republics of Chili and Peru has been renewed after a short pause spent in a pretence of negotiation. According to the telegrams recently received the renewal of the struggle has been marked by great savagery on both sides. Peruvian prisoners are reported to have been shot after an engagement by the orders of the Chilean commanding officer, and their countrymen have not unnaturally retaliated as far as they have been able. It is well to receive stories of this kind with a certain scepticism. There are few or no impartial witnesses on the spot; and even when the reports of executions have some foundation in fact, the details are so commonly inaccurate that a false impression is conveyed. The similarity in the names of the leaders on either side seems to be a fertile source of error, as the fighting of the Peruvians among themselves is as often as not described as going on between them and the Chileans. As a natural consequence the atrocities which accompany all civil war in Peru are attributed to the invaders. The statement that the Chileans are beginning to shoot their prisoners has probably some foundation in fact. It will perhaps turn out that they are only following the example set by all European generals, who refuse to consider armed mobs of irregulars, under chiefs of their own choosing, as being anything but brigands. Very probably the executions are more wholesale than they

would be if ordered by a German general. Men of Spanish race are naturally callous in these circumstances, and shoot and are shot, as a matter of course, without much inquiry. After a street fight in Spain it was the habit of officers in command of troops to shoot all the men in the neighbourhood whose hands appeared to be stained with gunpowder, and it is not likely that even in the most advanced of South American Republics any greater care is shown. Whatever else is doubtful about the war, it may safely be considered certain that it will become very savage, if it is not so already.

The revival of a war which ought by this time to have been thoroughly fought out is an admirable justification for the abused race of conquerors. Peru has been beaten, and, according to European ideas, should have long ago made peace. The terms on which peace has been offered were no more onerous than those imposed by Germany on France, and far less onerous than the conditions to which Mexico was compelled to agree by the Government of President POLK. But Peru will not make peace; she prefers to keep up a savage guerilla warfare, in the hope of tiring out her enemy, and, being indifferent to bankruptcy and anarchy, she is able to do it with some hope of success. The immense tracts of uninhabited country which afford the guerilleros a safe refuge, and the familiarity of a large part of the population with a life of wandering and brigandage, make it comparatively easy to keep up the struggle. The country is, in fact, in a half-civilized state, and enjoys all the advantages of that condition for carrying on war. If the determination of the Peruvians not to submit is carried out, the only means of obtaining peace left to the Chileans will be a complete conquest of the country. Nor, if they had resources sufficient for the task, is it at all certain that the conquest would be displeasing to the part of the population of Peru which most deserves consideration. The bands who have taken to the hills, and who now alone carry on the war against Chili, are undoubtedly composed to a far greater extent of broken men and of scoundrels of different degrees than of high-minded patriots. Every barrack intriguer who can collect an armed following has started as national hero on his own account and at the expense of the country. A national hero cannot live by patriotic sentiments alone; money, food, and clothes must be found for his men, and they are of course found by the peaceful inhabitants of the districts which he harries. These leaders fight among themselves, and their encounters are followed by general massacres. A few months ago, and at a time when the operations of the war against Chili were suspended, two of the leaders had a fight over the town of Pizco. According to the telegrams sent to Europe, the upshot of their encounter was the ruin of the town and the slaughter of a thousand of the inhabitants who had attempted to defend their property. There may have been some exaggeration in the report, but in the main it was no doubt trustworthy. Its truth was antecedently probable, and it has not been contradicted. What has happened at Pizco has happened elsewhere. Such defenders of their country as these are much more of a terror to the unlucky man who has a till to be robbed than to the foreign invader, and it would seem that all the wealthier Peruvian towns have put themselves under Chilean protection. They would probably be content to remain there; the merchants and shopkeepers, many of whom are foreigners, would consider a Chilean garrison an advantageous exchange for their own class of professional politicians. The war can only be for the future a series of more or less sanguinary skirmishes. The Chileans will really be the defenders of that part of the Peruvian territory which they occupy, and the patriots will become a pest to the country by carrying on the kind of warfare adopted by the Pindarees of India.

The consequences of the war may be disastrous to Chili, and through that country to all the trade of the South American Pacific coast. The Republic might possibly secure a temporary peace by surrendering the territory which it has determined to annex. The retreat of the Chilean forces would leave Peru open as a battle-ground for contending factions, and until they had fought out their quarrel their neighbours would be at peace. But it is impossible to expect that Chili will surrender the desert of Atacama. The war was wholly due to the shameless way in which the Peruvian Government attempted, in violation of solemn treaties and in alliance with Bolivia, to rob the Chileans who had undertaken to work the

nitrate mines of that district. This stretch of desert formed part of the territory of Bolivia, and was its only outlet to the sea. It is entirely in the hands of Chilean capitalists and workmen, and the Republic must continue to protect them, which it can only do by retaining possession. According to the terms of peace proposed by Chili, Atacama would have been annexed, and a district further north given to Bolivia at the expense of Peru, as compensation. The conduct of Bolivia in first breaking faith with Chili and then deserting Peru has been worthy of the lowest rank of barbarous nations; but Peru, which really caused the war, has no title to consideration. The retrocession of Atacama is not to be expected, but if it alone were at stake it might be a question for Chili whether it would not be better to withdraw from Peru, and leave that country and Bolivia to settle their quarrels between them. But Chili has, following the example set it from Europe, also demanded an indemnity, and insists on occupying a part of Peruvian territory as guarantee for payment. If it were now to give up its claim, confine itself to occupying Atacama, and leave Bolivia to the fate it has deserved, it might no doubt get a short period of rest. But it would only be for a time. Such a retreat would give the victory, if not to Peru, at least to that part of the Peruvian people which makes a trade of war and politics. The consequences would soon be felt. Every temporary chief of Peru in search of a little popularity would seek it in a war of revenge, and would have Bolivia as an ally. The knowledge that this would be the ultimate result of a retreat may very reasonably make the Chileans keep a firm hold of what they have got. Their position has some advantages. They levy taxes from the richest part of Peru, and so can make the war feed itself. If they must continue to fight the Peruvian guerilleros, it is better for them to do so at as great a distance as possible from their own border. In course of time that part of the population of Peru which is losing by the war may find it to their interest to undertake the task of suppressing the guerilleros. It is well known to those who are acquainted with the history of the Peninsular War—and it is perfectly fair to argue from Spain to a Spanish colony—that, when Marshal SOULT was in command of Andalusia, he found it possible to form a native force to act against the patriots who were compelled by their position, if not by their character, to support themselves by brigandage. In the long run, probably, the better part of the Peruvian population will see that the so-called patriots are the worst enemies of their country. For those foreign nations whose only interest in the combatants is that both should be at peace and able to trade, the war is lamentable. Its continuance cannot fail to have evil consequences for them. The retreat of the Chileans from Peru would be a disaster, since the country in which they now maintain some sort of order would fall into instant anarchy. Next to that, the continuance of the war is the greatest evil. Whether it is wholly an evil for Chili is another question. It depends mainly on the power of that country to play the part of a governing and conquering State. Hitherto the Republic has honourably distinguished itself by respect for law and by punctually fulfilling its obligations. The next few years will show whether it is capable of the higher statesmanlike virtues. It remains to be seen whether it has the courage to sacrifice its immediate comfort in order to secure a great ulterior national object. For the sake of the Spanish race in America, and for the world at large, it is to be hoped that it will not fail in the hour of trial.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE advocates of universal democracy are perhaps, for their own purpose, well advised in renewing on every possible occasion their attacks on the House of Lords. The vulgar is always liable to the influence of incessant repetition; and careless readers are equally impressed by cases in which the House of Lords has resisted the House of Commons, and by the more frequent instances of judicious compliance. A zealous partisan, who has probably little experience as a controversial writer, publishes in the congenial pages of the *Fortnightly Review* an article on the subject, which contains nothing remarkable or new, except a few historical blunders. Mr. ARTHUR F. LEACH begins his essay with the assertion

that the project of abolishing the House of Lords has now come within the range of practical politics. The proof of his proposition consists in references to speeches by two Ministers. If these are Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, it need only be said that both of them have through life been bitterly hostile to any form of aristocracy, and recent declarations of their opinions leave the controversy as it stood ten or twenty years ago. Unfortunately it is true that no revolutionary measure can now be disregarded as necessarily impossible or outside the range of practical politics. It is not inconceivable that within a few years, under the influence of demagogues, a House of Commons may be returned for the express purpose of abolishing the House of Lords, the Church, the existence of landed property, or the Monarchy. Members of the present Government have, as far as their language could produce such a result, brought the destruction of all these institutions into the region of practical politics. Mr. LEACH, who fairly expresses the prejudices of confident and commonplace Radicals, asks, in a triumphant tone, Who has given the House of Lords its representative mandate? It would be necessary to go back six hundred years to answer the question; and perhaps it would be found that in its gradual growth, and in its eventual separation from the elected Assembly, the House of Lords had no definite or exclusive founder. It now represents, in the ordinary sense of the word, the owners of property, the majority of the cultivated classes, and, in general, the part of the community which is opposed to revolution. Its mandate can only be verified by observation and by the general knowledge which is taken for granted in intelligent society. Agitators and innovators never understand that the burden of proof rests on those who propose fundamental changes.

Mr. LEACH condemns, not only the House of Lords, but all Second Chambers. His task is rendered easier by the comprehensive nature of the doctrine which he undertakes to propound. The House of Lords is one of the only two Second Chambers which exercise considerable power in any modern State. The Upper Houses of most European kingdoms are of recent and artificial institution, and their members add little personal weight to the constitutional rights with which they are invested. The Federal Council of the German Empire, representing the different sovereigns, may perhaps hereafter form an exception; but in the course of ten or eleven years it has not yet had time to ascertain its proper functions or the extent of its powers. The Senate of the United States is more powerful than the House of Representatives, and it is therefore more independent and stronger than the House of Lords. The Legislative Councils and similar bodies in the English Colonies sometimes, as in Victoria, impose a check on vicious or reckless legislation; but they find it difficult to assert their authority against the avowed selfishness of popular majorities. In communities which have neither an upper class nor an historical tradition, a Council, elected perhaps by lawyers and shopkeepers, can scarcely claim habitual deference from the nominees of artisans and labourers. The House of Lords, though it attracts the envy or the contempt of demagogues and mobs, stands alone in the personal and social influence of its members. In almost all public transactions which happen to be unconnected with politics Englishmen find it convenient to recognize the undisputed precedence of neighbouring peers, or perhaps of eminent strangers of the same rank. Envy and jealousy are to some extent mitigated when petty ambitions have to give way to the claims of an earl or the eldest son of a duke, who is preferred on account of his position, and not by reason of any pretence of being wiser or abler than his rivals. When the principal inhabitants of all provincial districts, reinforced by the heads of the great professions, meet to exercise the ancient rights of their order, they would command a certain respect even if their debates were not remarkable for eloquence, for knowledge, and for general ability.

It must be admitted that, if all Second Chambers are objectionable, the best among them must share in the general condemnation. Mr. LEACH's illustrations of the incapacity or mischievous action of such bodies seem to show that his studies have been rather among Radical newspapers than ancient or modern history. It seems that, according to his version, "the Boulé or Senate of Athens yielded to the popular passion of the Assembly which voted the death of the defeated generals at

"Arginuse." The generals at Arginuse were not defeated, but successful; and some of them were unjustly condemned on the charge that, after their victory and the flight of the enemy, they had not rescued the crews of some disabled ships, and had not brought the dead bodies home for burial. The Senate of Five Hundred had no judicial powers, except that the fifty presiding Prytanes could refuse to put a question to the vote of the Assembly. On that occasion the Prytanes, one of whom was SOCRATES, refused to propose the vote, but their resistance was lawlessly overruled by the Assembly. If any political inference is to be drawn from the transaction, the miscarriage of a democratic Assembly seems to be more to the purpose than the supposed inaction of a Second Chamber. If there had been a *Fortnightly Review* at Athens one of its contributors might perhaps have denounced SOCRATES as a reactionary oligarch. Mr. LEACH proceeds to compare the supposed failure of the Athenian Senate with the conduct of the House of Lords in yielding "to the popular passion of the House of Commons which demanded the death of Admiral BYNG." It would seem, if the implied statement had any foundation, that the House of Commons was more guilty than the House of Lords; but, in fact, neither body had anything to do with the court-martial which convicted and sentenced Admiral BYNG, except that the House of Commons, for the purpose of saving the life of the unfortunate ADMIRAL, passed a Bill to relieve the members of the court-martial from the obligation of secrecy. The Lords, who, according to Mr. LEACH, were less hostile to the prisoner than the Commons, rejected the Bill, after taking the opinion of the Judges. The guilt of the execution of the sentence rests with GEORGE II. and his Ministers. It is surprising that Mr. LEACH should not perceive that, if his impressions had been correct, his argument tells against elected Assemblies, both in ancient and in modern times. It is a new discovery that "the Senate of Rome voted the proscriptions of MARIUS," its deadliest enemy, and the professed leader of the democracy. "Again, the Peers in France bowed to the Tiers Etat when, popular passion being highest, it most behoved them to check and control it." The Peers of France, who, including a few prelates, probably were never as many as twenty in number, had, as such, no political or legislative functions, though a duke who was also a peer had some undefined precedence over other holders of the ducal title. Mr. LEACH probably confuses with the Peers of France the representatives of the nobility, who were wholly incapable of resisting the majority of the Constituent Assembly, consisting of the deputies of the Third Estate. It is absurd to speak of the nobles who almost immediately merged themselves in the Assembly as a Second Chamber; but knowledge even of the most notorious circumstances of the French Revolution is not to be expected from a writer who commits the hackneyed blunder of describing King, Lords, and Commons as the three Estates of the realm.

Mr. LEACH is more at home in the Parliamentary history of events since the Reform Bill, as it is told with wearisome iteration in a thousand articles and speeches. It is true that on several occasions the House of Lords has delayed the passage of popular measures of various degrees of utility and merit. On his own showing, nearly all the changes which he enumerates have been effected after a moderate delay which in some instances injured no human being. The defenders of the House of Lords have never claimed for it the right of ultimately overruling the popular and more powerful Assembly. There is nothing in Mr. LEACH's article which requires any other answer than those which have been repeatedly given to the same statements and arguments. It would not have been worth while to notice his historical inaccuracies if they had not been characteristic of a large and fluent class of political reformers who seem to be wholly devoid of the historical sense. An exclusive training in democratic platitudes promotes the unconscious assumption that every institution must be judged by its conformity to the party standard of the moment. Mr. LEACH is, as might be expected, indignant with the rejection of the Disturbance Bill of 1880, by a majority, not only of the House of Lords, but of the Liberal peers. Three months before the Cabinet had not meditated a change in the Irish Land Law. Three weeks before it had not suddenly borrowed from a Home Rule member the extemporaneous device of the Disturbance Bill. The House of Lords would have been strangely pliable if it had wheeled round as rapidly as the Executive

Government. The institution has nothing to fear from the arguments of its assailants; but perhaps it may tremble before the masters of more than twenty or thirty legions of voters.

LONDON SCHOOL BOARD ELECTIONS.

MR. BRODRICK'S letter in the *Times* of Tuesday comes as a disagreeable reminder of approaching winter. Every third year November gains additional horror to Londoners from the School Board elections. The passions aroused by this contest are quite Parliamentary in their fierceness, but they have the disadvantage of being excited by a subject to which passion is singularly inappropriate. It may seem strange that it should be impossible to provide for the elementary education of London children without the tremendous apparatus of canvassing and speech-making which is triennially called into action; but there is no reason to suppose that the coming election will in this respect be any less exacting than those which have preceded it. It is a misfortune that parties on the London School Board are not more intelligibly represented than they are. Mr. BRODRICK, indeed, says that there are no parties in this happy family, but this can only be explained on one of two suppositions. Either the rapture of the strife so carries Mr. BRODRICK away that what to less ardent souls seems like hard fighting is to him only a skirmish not worth talking about, or the character of the Board has greatly changed since he ceased to belong to it. The impression conveyed, not merely by the reports of debates, but by the occasional hints which the members let fall when they exchange their temple on the Embankment for the commonplace world outside, is that party feeling runs very high, and that the bonds of party discipline are very tightly strained. Mr. BRODRICK admits that the St. Paul's Industrial School case imported a new spirit into the Board's proceedings; but the debates on that question displayed an amount of acrimony which could hardly have been the growth of the moment. When Mr. BRODRICK says that no permanent division of parties is possible on a Board mainly engaged in administration he leaves out of sight two qualifying considerations. One is that the questions which "defy party manipulation or classification" usually come on one at a time; the other is that the distribution of parties on one of these questions will often determine that distribution on other questions. For some years past the main subject before the London School Board has been the amount and character of their expenditure; and it is difficult to believe that votes on other subjects have not often been given for no better reason than a determination to be on the side opposed to that taken by members with whom the voter is at variance on other matters. The determination of Mrs. SURE to unearth the abuses of the St. Paul's Industrial School might possibly have been less persistent if Miss HELEN TAYLOR, and not Mr. SCRUTTON, had been the manager of it. That the line which is now drawn between different theories of expenditure will not necessarily be reproduced when some wholly different question has an equally absorbing claim on the Board's attention is of course true. Secularists and Denominationalists may conceivably be quite agreed as to the principle that ought to guide the Board's outlay of public money. But the charge brought against the London School Board is that so long as any given question continues to be prominent, it colours the views of the members upon questions which have no connexion with it, and this charge Mr. BRODRICK altogether denies. He has never belonged, he says, to any public body "in which controversy was so rarely conducted on party lines, or in which cross divisions were so frequent." This is good evidence, and must be accepted as such. It is only left to us to remark that never did a public body contrive to give more misleading exhibitions of its methods than the London School Board.

In speaking of the want of intelligent representation of parties on the London School Board, the chief thing in view is the unfortunate character of the minority which has usually ranged itself on the side of economy. The question whether much or little money should be spent on elementary education in London is a very wide one. There is much to be said in defence of either view, and it is very important that what has to be said should be put forward

with knowledge and judgment. The majority of the Board must undoubtedly be credited with these qualities. They are in favour of a scale of expenditure which we are disposed to think neither just nor expedient; but they are in favour of it for reasons which they have thought out, and which they are prepared, when necessary, to state. The economical minority appear to be singularly wanting in knowledge and judgment. They are often on what in our opinion is the right side, but they seem to be there, so to say, by accident. They seldom make any attempt to meet the arguments of their opponents, and they are not infrequently convicted of very great ignorance of facts and figures with which they ought to be familiar. It is said, we do not know with what justice, that this latter defect is the natural result of their very scanty attendance at the Committees at which the real business of the Board is got through. "For one hour spent in the Board-room on Thursday afternoon," says Mr. BRODRICK, "most working members of the Board spend two or three on one or more of the Committees." In that case the members just referred to only do a third or a quarter of the work which they are elected to do. It is not in this way that the cause of economy can be served. Those who wish to save the public money should not be niggardly of their own time or labour. This accusation will supply an obvious and practical test by which to judge the claims of candidates at the coming elections. It would be well for the Board to have an exact register published of the attendance of each member at the Committees to which he belongs, and the ratepayers might in all cases refuse to re-elect any member whose diligence in this respect will not bear scrutiny. We do not mean, of course, that as between two candidates, one of whom has been punctual in his attendance at Committees, while the other has been negligent, the punctual candidate ought necessarily to be returned. All that we mean is that the negligent candidate ought not to be chosen. No matter how sound his principles may be, his indolence makes him a bad representative of those principles. The object of every elector should be to get as his monthpiece a man who shall be in all respects as good a member as those on the other side. It cannot, we fear, be said that this is at present the case as regards the economical party on the Board.

This is not the only fault of which the minority on the London School Board have been guilty. They have introduced into the proceedings those obstructive methods which have given so much trouble in the House of Commons. They have done this in the full knowledge that the kind of resistance they are offering can have no practical result except to disgust the public with the cause which is so unworthily represented. When a motion involving a larger outlay than the minority think desirable is made at the weekly meeting, it is the duty of that minority to set out as forcibly and as fully as they can the considerations which have led them to oppose it. But when those reasons have been set forth there can be no object in offering any further resistance. The minority have defended what they believe to be the interests of the ratepayers, and it is for the ratepayers to say at the next election whether they are of the same mind. To go on making dilatory motions with no other object than to keep the majority of the Board without their dinners is a strangely ineffectual way of saving the ratepayers' pockets. The only effect of these tactics is to make the majority more resolute in carrying out their policy and more convinced that it is open to no objection that bears stating. If the case in favour of educational economy were no stronger than it usually appears in the reports of the School Board debates, the majority would be quite justified in holding this opinion. A second suggestion, therefore, that may be offered to the ratepayers for use next November is not to re-elect any member who has identified himself with the policy of obstruction. When a candidate claims support on the ground that he has kept the Board sitting for eleven hours in order to prevent a particular motion from being passed, that ought of itself to be a sufficient reason for denying him the support he asks. It certainly did not take him eleven hours to state the argument against the motion, or, if it did, it is of the utmost importance to the future success of the opposition that he should be replaced by a member who has the gift of throwing his objections into a somewhat more succinct form.

THE OPIUM QUESTION.

IF a little philanthropic fad had not more lives than the proverbial cat, the agitation of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade should by this time be dead and decently buried. The arguments brought against it would long ago have killed anything based on mere reason. But the passion of the unco' guid for amending the world by the suppression of something at the expense of a third party is not to be killed by argument. The Society is therefore still alive, and, in the opinion of Lord HARTINGTON, is likely not only to remain so, but to increase in liveliness. In a despatch contained in some recently published correspondence with the Indian Government he points out that "It cannot be denied that a considerable and influential weight of opinion in this country is strongly adverse to the opium trade between India and China, and especially to the direct connexion of the Government of India with that traffic, and presses more and more strenuously for its entire suppression." Lord HARTINGTON, in his quality of a member of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet, is certainly entitled to speak with authority on the force of agitation. There can be no doubt that he is right in considering the activity of the Society as a danger of "a still more serious character" than any other which menaces the opium revenue. The main object of his despatch, which is dated in the June of last year, is to call forth from the Indian Government a complete defence of that method of raising money. He had an opportunity very early in the first Session of the present Parliament of expressing his own opinion of the sense and honesty of the agitation; but, at least as late as the middle of last year, he considered it an enemy to be counted with. He was then convinced that, "so long as the position of the Indian Government is not perfectly unassailable, it must be expected that it will continue rather to increase than to diminish in intensity."

What position of the Indian Government the agitators would consider unassailable it does not need much sagacity to discover. It would be their own attitude of fanatical hostility to the whole trade. To everybody, however, who has not taken up the belief in this particular pill for the suppression of earthquakes, the answer of the Indian Government to Lord HARTINGTON'S despatch will seem a very satisfactory defence of the opium revenue. It disposes once more of the legend that opium was forced on the Chinese by the Treaty of Tientsin, and demonstrates again that the import of the drug into China is permitted because the Government cannot afford to lose the revenue derived from the Customs duties. As a mere question of finance any tampering with the opium revenue would be very dangerous. If the trade is to be wholly suppressed in Bengal, the loss to the Indian Government would not be confined to the "paltry eight millions," as Cardinal MANNING called them with the cheap magnanimity of the platform. The sudden stop of the export to China would derange the relations of trade between the two countries and England, and so affect the revenue. But, short of actually attempting to suppress the cultivation of the poppy, the Indian Government might attempt to please the agitators by giving up the monopoly in Bengal, and try to replace the profits by an export duty on the opium manufactured by private enterprise. Such a step would be possible, which the other is not; but the consequences are difficult to calculate. According to the most favourable estimate, it would appear that the revenue of Bengal would lose 2,128,000*l.* yearly for long, and perhaps for good. Nor would that be all. The necessity of establishing a preventive service to check smuggling would increase the expense of government. It is well known "that a good deal of opium is now smuggled from Indore, &c., into the other native States of India, and it is certain that the prevention of smuggling would be far more difficult in Bengal than in the Western States of India." To the question where this money is to come from, no answer has been given since Lord HARTINGTON put it to the spokesman of the Society in the House of Commons. None of the virtuous persons who keep the agitation alive have seriously proposed to make it good from home taxation. We hear occasionally of proposals to give another 20,000,000*l.* to free the Indian Government from the sin of making money out of a vice, as was done to abolish slavery in the West Indies. But the sum required would be far greater than that in the present case, and would amount to something that no Ministry would venture to ask

from the English taxpayer. To raise it by taxation in India is impossible. The mere suggestion is already causing discontent, and ingenious native journalists are inquiring what is the selfish motive concealed under so much philanthropy. And then there is an absolute certainty that the loss to India would not be compensated by any gain in morality to China. The opium would be grown at home, or imported from Persia, which is yearly sending more as it is, or from Asia Minor. In the words of the despatch, the result would be "to tax India in order to provide a cure, which would almost certainly be ineffectual, to the vices of the Chinese," and this the Government is manifestly right in considering "wholly unjustifiable." The revenue is already in danger from causes other than hostile agitation. At the price which the Government gives for crude opium, it is found more profitable to raise other crops. At present the area devoted to the cultivation of the poppy would appear to be diminishing, and the harvests have not been good. The export is only kept at the normal figure by drawing on the reserve, and soon the Government may have to encourage extended cultivation by offering a higher price for the crude opium, or else to suffer a loss.

The Government of India does not, however, confine itself to arguing the question merely from the point of view of the revenue. It defends the trade on moral grounds. It devotes too much space, perhaps, to showing that if we did not send opium to China other people would. If the drug is in truth a poison, we cannot see that there is much force in this argument. Two blacks do not make a white, according to a phrase familiar to the nursery. The fact that Persians have no scruples about selling poison would not justify the Government of India, which we imagine acts on very different principles. The only really effectual answer to the people who appeal to morality is to prove that opium-smoking is not a vice—that it is a taste which can be carried to excess with evil consequences, like the drinking of coffee, but that in the majority of cases it is harmless. In an appendix to the published correspondence the Indian Government cites various authorities for believing that this is the truth of the matter. Several travellers in China who are not missionaries, and therefore do not start with a predisposition to find vices and an overpowering sense of a vocation to cure them, declare that the stories about the ill effects of opium-smoking are absurdly exaggerated. In the province of Szechuan, where the habit is more prevalent than anywhere else in China, both Baron RICHTHOFEN and Mr. COLBORNE BABER found a healthy and industrious population. The latter gentleman declares that he never saw a single case of opium intoxication, although he had been for months in the company of smokers in inns and on the road. Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD, Mr. W. H. BRERETON, and others who have had abundant opportunity of observing, even declare that opium, as smoked in China and India, cannot intoxicate. Of course the missionary view is very different. In the graphic words of a Chinese Envoy in England, "It would seem as though the entire population of China were about to lose their accustomed ways of livelihood, and with shrivelled necks and sallow visages, gasping painfully for breath, to become no better than an utter wreck." The fact that many Chinese do believe in the bad effects of opium-smoking would seem to show that it is not so innocent as Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD believes. But the Chinese Government, like the missionaries, is painfully conscious of a mission to make everybody virtuous, and sees sins where there is nothing but a natural desire for a personal comfort. The terrible stories told about the bad effects of the pipe are plausibly said to have a very simple explanation. The missionaries come across men broken down by vices not peculiar to China, and, finding that they smoke, give the opium the credit of having brought them to that sad condition. To anybody who has any acquaintance with the usual missionary methods of observing and reasoning from their observations, this explanation will seem extremely probable. Certainly the energy shown by the Chinese of late years does not harmonize well with pictures of national ruin produced by this supposed vice. Opium-smoking is found to be compatible both in Australia and California with a formidable degree of industry, intelligence, and sobriety. Probably, when the subject is talked about with a little more knowledge, it will be found that the blaster of Californian rowdies and Australian

larrikins, of which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH condescends to make himself the echo, and the gloomy rhetoric of missionaries who do all things under a consciousness of Exeter Hall, are about on a par in point of accuracy.

LORD DERBY AT PRESTON.

NATURE has plainly not intended Lord DERBY to die defending a position. Though his sympathies may be with the party of resistance, he is invariably disposed to magnify the strength of the attacking party. Himself the most practical of men, he has a curious disbelief in the force of reasons drawn from practical success. Both these characteristics of his mind have lately been shown in his speeches. Though there is no very obvious reason why he should predict the coming overthrow of the county magistracy, the mantle of prophecy has twice fallen upon him, and he has described the sure approach of the time in which the administrative duties of the Justices of the Peace will be transferred to other bodies. If Lord DERBY were a commonplace Liberal, there would be nothing wonderful in this. The urgent necessity of making representation co-extensive with taxation in the counties as well as in the boroughs is a favourite theme with politicians to whom a phrase is a convenient substitute for thought or experience. But Lord DERBY is not in the least a Liberal of this type. He looks at institutions with a perfectly impartial eye, and is no more inclined to quarrel with them because they are ancient than to fall in love with them because they are new. Consequently we have the curious spectacle of a man seeing with the utmost clearness that an institution deserves to last, yet fully convinced that it will shortly be attacked, and not in the least inclined to make any fight in defence of it. In his speech at Preston on Wednesday he said that during all the years he has been connected with the magistracy he had seldom heard any complaint of the manner in which they have discharged either their judicial or their administrative duties. They will have no reason, he thinks, to fear any retrospective criticism. The respect and good will they now enjoy have been obtained by the "faithful performance of their legal duties, however tedious they may sometimes be or however obscure they may appear." This would be a very natural prelude to an argument in favour of leaving these duties in their hands, but that is not the use to which Lord DERBY turns his experience. He bids the magistrates put their house in order, not because he thinks that it needs putting in order, but because he believes that they will die and not live, whether they deserve to die or not.

If Lord DERBY were merely assured of the theoretical excellence of the magistracy, and had to confess that for one reason or another it was not as good in practice as in theory, this assured conviction that there is nothing to be done except to acquiesce in the inevitable would be natural enough. It is of no use to tell people that an institution ought to work well, if you are obliged at the same time to admit that it does not work well. But why should Lord DERBY suppose that the county magistrates are doomed when he believes that they have done the ratepayers excellent service at a very small cost? Or, if he has such a low opinion of the ratepayers that he distrusts their ability to appreciate this service, why does he not use his great influence to convince them that if they destroy the magistracy as an administrative body they will be foolish as well as ungrateful? He would have an excellent case to put forward. The administration of the counties, so far as it is in the hands of the Justices, may compare favourably for economy and efficiency with the administration of any town or with the representative part of county administration. There are no abuses, no extravagance, and no unnecessary speech-making. Though the whole body of the magistrates are nominally concerned in the expenditure of the ratepayers' money, the work is left as a matter of fact to men of experience and common sense, because it is only for these that the work has any attraction. The magistrates have not, as a rule, got a position to make or a character to earn. They bring an assured position and a character already established to the discharge of their own and their neighbours' business. There are very few Town Councils, very few Boards of Guardians, very few School Boards, of whose management of money so few complaints have been made as have been made of the Courts of Quarter Sessions. It is true, as Mr. SLATER-BOOTH pointed out

the other day, that these Courts have to manage a far smaller amount of money than is commonly supposed. The county rate is but a very small part of the financial burden which the dwellers in counties have to sustain. But this does but strengthen the argument in favour of leaving things as they are. When a small part of the money contributed by the county ratepayers is very well spent by a non-representative body, and a much larger part is moderately well spent by a representative body, why should the less successful body of the two take over the control of the whole outlay? It argues something like want of courage when a Liberal statesman of great position and great weight with his party sees all this as plainly as Lord DERBY sees it, and yet is willing to let the magistracy go the moment that a certain number of ignorant people are found to clamour for their suppression. This is not the way in which useful institutions have been handed down to us, or can be preserved for those who come after us.

In the latter part of his speech on Wednesday, Lord DERBY appeared to greater advantage. The agriculturists who listened to him may have thought that it was easy to say wise things about farming when a large part of a very large income does not come from land; but they could not have denied that the things actually said were wise. Lord DERBY'S advice, alike to farmers and to landlords, is not to give up the game just at the moment when the luck may be turning. The very number of bad seasons that they have lately had to contend with gives some hope that the average may be put right by an equally unusual number of good seasons. As regards landlords in particular, there cannot, Lord DERBY thinks, be a worse time to sell land than the present moment. It has been steadily declining in value for years past, and it is quite possible that it may even now have reached the lowest point, and be on the eve of rising again. In Lancashire Lord DERBY says the farmers have two advantages over the farmers of some other counties. They are not above their business, and they do not suffer greatly from heavily mortgaged estates. Lord DERBY evidently does not mean his advice not to sell to apply to the owners of heavily incumbered properties. "No land will 'keep three squires.'" When the nominal owner lives as becomes a man who has his position to keep up, and the real owner also lives as becomes a man who has his position to keep up, and perhaps the farmer himself thinks that he, too, ought to have a position, the land very speedily gets overburdened. The truth is that landowning has now become like any other business. If it is to be carried on at a profit, the calculations must allow for a large margin of loss in certain years. It is very hard on landowners to have to realize this, because they have been accustomed to regard land as an investment not only as safe but as steady as the Three per Cents. The farmer's income varied with good or bad years, because it depended on the amount that remained over after the rent was paid. But the landlord's income was made up by the rent, and if that had not been pitched too high it came in with equal regularity whether the year was good or bad. In principle, no doubt, this ought to be so still. The true way of making farming profitable to all concerned would be to fix the rent at a figure which, taking one year with another, the tenant could always afford to pay. But when the depression in the farmer's prosperity is so severe and so prolonged as it has been of late years, it is impossible to deal with him in this fashion. The landlord must bear some portion of the loss, or he will have his tenant bankrupt, or his farm thrown on his hands. Consequently it is more than ever necessary that landowners should keep Lord DERBY'S caution in mind. If they are to become prosperous again, and to remain prosperous when they have become so, they must make their income, not their position, the measure of their expenditure. Such counsel as this seems almost infantine in its simplicity, but the simpler it is the more fatal are the consequences of disregarding it.

THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

FIFTY years is a decent antiquity for a "movement," and the members of the association which by a curious misnomer is known as the "National Temperance League" have a right to feel proud at the progress which their opinions have made since seven men of Preston met in 1832 and pledged themselves to abstain from all intoxicating

liquors. How many the seven have become by this time it is impossible to say; but 50,000 "abstainers" are believed to have been in the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, and the "Blue Ribbon Army" alone claims 900,000 members. Even those who see most to dislike in the methods by which the total abstinence cause is ordinarily advanced must admit that its authors have done a genuine public service. Probably among all classes, certainly among the classes to whom the preachers of total abstinence mostly address themselves, there are many to whom temperance in the proper sense of the word is an impossible virtue. They can go without alcohol altogether; but if they take it at all they are sure to take too much. To people of this kind the total abstinence organization renders very real help. But for this they would be singular in refusing intoxicating drinks, and the weakness which makes it impossible for them to stop drinking when they have once begun makes it equally impossible for them not to begin drinking when every one around them is setting them an example. Membership of a total abstinence association supplies the strength they want. It gives the sense of belonging to a large and organized body, and substitutes for a feeling of exceptional liability to a degrading temptation a feeling of exceptional missionary enthusiasm. If they were only units, public opinion—the opinion, that is, of the class to which they belong—would be against them, so long as they did not drink like their neighbours. When they are brigaded with tens of thousands of others a new form of public opinion comes into play, and they are ashamed to be less steadfast than their brother and sister abstainers. A movement which has furnished this additional motive to so many who need all the motive they can get if they are to keep sober has a just title to public gratitude. Unfortunately, total abstainers are not at all content with the part that has here been assigned to them. They do not admit that total abstinence is designed for specially weak vessels, or even that it is a counsel of perfection for those who think that they can best serve these weak vessels by submitting in their own persons to the same rigid rule. Total abstinence is almost invariably put forward as a matter of precept. It is an obligation from which no man is free. To drink, however moderately, is to be guilty of as gross a crime as that committed by the most habitual drunkard. Indeed, of the two the sin of the moderate drinker is the greater, because he has not the drunkard's excuse that his faculties are deadened by brutish indulgence. It needs some effort, therefore, to view the total abstinence movement with that good will which, from one point of view, it undoubtedly deserves. Of all forms of philanthropic enthusiasm it has the greatest gift of making itself disagreeable to those who do not go all lengths with it.

This is not the only charge to which total abstainers lay themselves open. Notwithstanding the wonderful success that has attended their preaching, and the extraordinary multiplication that the seven men of Preston have undergone in the space of fifty years, they are not satisfied with what they have done. In a sense, of course, this is a perfectly reasonable dissatisfaction. If they think that where there are ten abstainers there ought to be a thousand, they are quite right in striving to increase their numbers a hundredfold. The complaint to which they are fairly open is that success has had the effect of making the methods by which it has been attained appear flat and unprofitable. They look back upon all that they have wrought by voluntary effort, and the conclusion they draw from the retrospect is that voluntary effort is but a very poor instrument. What the National Temperance Association, the Blue Ribbon Army, and a hundred similar associations are now labouring to bring about is the establishment of total abstinence by law. If they are not prepared, perhaps, to go the length of immediately prohibiting the sale or purchase of intoxicating liquors in any form, it is simply because they doubt whether legislation of this kind would be as efficacious in the first instance as some less drastic measure. If they could make it impossible for any Englishman to have a glass of beer in his house, they would gladly do so. The reason why they content themselves with trying to make it impossible for any Englishman to get a glass of beer outside his house is merely that they hold that the half loaf is more within their reach than the whole. It is this passion for State prohibition that makes so sharp a division between abstainers and the rest of the world. If they merely

confounded temperance with abstinence, and said hard things of those who are able to see a distinction between the two, their wrongheadedness might be condoned in consideration of the good they undoubtedly do. But when they seek to enforce their crotchets by law, the situation is completely changed. We do not wish to be made slaves, even though we should be a more sober people when enslaved than we were when we were free.

The favourite argument in behalf of making total abstinence compulsory is that voluntary abstinence has failed to put an end to drunkenness. This is much the same thing as saying that, if men are allowed liberty of action, some of them will always abuse it; and, if this admission is to be regarded as a sufficient reason for depriving them of liberty in one point, it will be equally efficacious for depriving them of liberty in every other point. There are two considerations, moreover, which go to show that this failure to put an end to drunkenness is in part the fault of total abstinensers. One is that they are so convinced that alcohol is poison, and that those who sell it are no better than murderers, and those who buy it no better than suicides, that they will not help by so much as a finger to check the evils which are undoubtedly incident to the traffic. Consequently what might be a very valuable auxiliary force in putting down drunkenness by reasonable methods is altogether wasted. The other consideration is that the violence of total abstinensers loses them a great deal of support which they might otherwise command. If total abstinence were put forward in its true aspect, not as a practice of universal obligation, but as one which becomes obligatory in all cases in which drinking intoxicating liquor in any quantity, however small, leads to drinking it to excess, a total abstinence association would meet with universal support. As it is, they insist on regarding those who preach total abstinence to others without practising it themselves as so many castaways, and as a natural result the castaways are not always inclined to give them very hearty co-operation in bringing about that suppression of drunkenness which the total abstinensers are professedly anxious to see accomplished. We say professedly anxious, because a great many preachers of total abstinence have become so eager about the particular means by which they have chosen to work, that they have pretty well lost sight of the end to which these means are supposed to be directed. They are ready enough to point to the evils of drunkenness when it suits their purpose, but they would rather see the nation divided into drunkards and total abstinensers than composed entirely of moderate drinkers. What they want to put down is not drunkenness but drinking. A Radical journal has lately told us that "the movement in self-governed communities towards restriction has long been known to be gaining strength"; and, further, that the "tendency is not less strongly felt in autocratic Russia than in the great democracies of the West." We should be quite prepared to hear that it is more strongly felt in autocratic Russia than anywhere else. The more autocratic the government of a country is the more natural it is that some of its subjects should be forbidden to drink any alcohol because others of its subjects drink too much. Happily we are not yet come to this point in England; but, in view of the vigour and persistence of the organization which is labouring to bring us to it, there is the utmost need for watchful resistance on the part of those who do not wish that it should ever be reached.

THE COPTS.

THE estimate formed of the Copts by travellers has varied very much. At the present moment it is desirable that some attention should be directed to their character. Although they are seldom or never prominent, and never occupy a high station, it is well known that the native administration is largely carried on by the Copts. They form the bulk of the permanent officials, dividing office, perhaps, with the Armenians in Lower Egypt, but in Upper Egypt, Nubia, and the Fayoom being alone. The Turkish *muderr* or the Arab *nazeer* may be changed, but the Coptic clerk carries on the traditions of his court, and interprets the Koranic code for the newcomer as he did for his predecessor. The station-master lounges about the platform in his "Stambooli" coat and turbanless fez, but it is his Coptic secretary who does all the work, who gives out the tickets, weighs the luggage, and scolds the porters. He seldom rises to higher rank. He is generally content with a subordinate position, and very curious reasons are given for this contentment. He believes superstitiously that no Copt shall ever

be ruler of Egypt. Scripture, the Copts say—and they are diligent Bible readers—has prophesied it; so they interpret some expressions in Isaiah and Jeremiah. Nubar, an Armenian, Riaz, by descent a Jew, Shereef, a Turk of no one knows what family, may be Prime Ministers; Tewfik, whose ancestor was an Albanian, may be Khedive; for the Copts it is enough that they are the only postmasters, are the only magistrates' clerks, are predominant in the Ministries of Justice and Finance, and are employed besides wherever cleverness, tact, subordination, and a very unusual share of honesty are required. In the country they form village communities for themselves, often inhabiting some old semi-fortified *dayr*, or walled enclosure, originally and still nominally a convent. But they prefer any mechanical art to agriculture, and are the carpenters, silversmiths, architects, indigo dyers, and fullers of the small country towns. Bibbeh is almost wholly Coptic. Girgeh abounds in Copts. They are among the wealthiest inhabitants of the modern Luxor. At Gibt, from which, as some say, the whole country is named, and which, as the citizens of its ruinous heaps remind you, was once the capital of Egypt, you see only Copts. It is, in fact, wholly impossible to accept Lane's estimate of their numbers. He puts them at only one-fourteenth of the population. If he was correct in this opinion in 1835, it can only be surmised that they have since enormously increased in comparison with the Mohammedan inhabitants of Egypt. This is, of course, very possible. When he wrote they had been but recently emancipated under the tolerant rule of Mohammed Ali, and were, moreover, exempted from the ruinous conscription which told, and still tells, so heavily on the population of rural districts. Lane gives them credit for little virtue; but his unfavourable judgment, formed when they had but recently emerged from the slavery of centuries, is not borne out by recent observers. He had evidently seen little of them, partly, no doubt, from their distrust of a man who had so thoroughly identified himself with the Arab population; but also partly through their shyness, and the reserve begotten by repeated and protracted persecution. It is also possible that many who now, especially in remote places, profess Christianity, would forty years ago have been superficially reckoned Moslems, and would have had but too many reasons for acquiescing in the error. Lane's account of them as "ignorant, deceitful, faithless, and abandoned to the pursuit of worldly gain, and to indulgence in sensual pleasures," is in every particular, except one, inapplicable to the modern Copt. He is undoubtedly fond of "worldly gain"; but, from a political point of view, this is, on the whole, good, not bad, citizenship; while he is religious, if a little superstitious; honest beyond any other native, which, in truth, is not saying too much; abstemious to a remarkable degree, as even Lane subsequently allows, the modern Copt often refusing not only wine, but even tobacco and coffee. His chastity, in a country where public opinion looks on it almost as a vice, is certainly remarkable; and to this, no doubt, may in part be attributed the increase in the number of the race, if there has been an increase, which seems certain.

It is, however, as a linguist that the Copt of to-day chiefly shines. Any one who knows modern Egypt will remember young boys who are able to speak, and even to write, English and French fluently, as well as Turkish, besides their own Arabic. This implies a knowledge of three wholly different classes of languages—classes far more distinct one from the other than the Latin, Greek, German, and French of which an English schoolboy who knew them all would be so proud. For years past English has been taught in the Coptic schools, although French was the passport to official life. The reason for this may be that the ultimate necessity for an English domination in Egypt was apparent to the astuteness of the Coptic politicians. In the Fayoom lately a traveller visited the Coptic school. The master was away, it being holiday-time; but some of the boys who lingered about the premises received him cordially, speaking English easily and rapidly. Naturally they were rather "booky" in their idioms, and called the Bahr Yusuf Canal the "Sea of Joseph." They inquired whether it was correct to say "often" or "of-ten," and could read well enough to make out the current hand of a visiting card. These boys had been learning English from a native master for a year and a half, and there were in the same school seventy boys or more who formed the two senior classes, and learned both English and French.

The manners of the Copts in Cairo and Alexandria are very different from those that prevail in the country. They are gradually assimilating themselves to European habits. In the country, though the lower class of the Arab women make no concealment of themselves, the Coptic women are seldom seen, or seen only veiled. This tells, not of any social or religious law, but of the recent insecurity of the race. A Copt dared not let his wife or his daughter be seen where Turkish soldiers were common, and where no act, however disgraceful to humanity, would be punished if committed against a Christian. In Cairo, though they go about the streets veiled, in accordance with universal custom, they are unveiled in their houses, and many of them who are, or were, employed as seamstresses by European ladies behaved in every respect like their employers. Their marriage laws are very strict, but the young people do not marry so early as the Arabs. As one result, families are both larger and also more united. The priests marry once, as in Russia; but many priests are in regular orders, and the higher clergy are chosen exclusively from among the monks. The patriarch, or archbishop, of Alexandria, who is their primate, and that also of the Abyssinian Church, resides generally at Cairo, where his cathedral is a large, but not very ancient or beautiful, building.

The old Coptic language, which alone is read in the "heylak" or sanctuary, is now understood by very few, and translations of the Epistle and Gospel are read in the body of the church in Arabic. Many of the young men form themselves into classes for studying the Bible, and the Greek Testament is very commonly read and understood. In one such association recently an English commentary was read, and orally translated for the benefit of the few present who could not follow it in the original. The reading of Coptic in church naturally leads to much apparent irreverence, as no one attends to that part of the service, and a stranger is perhaps more struck by this want of silence than it deserves. Still it must be allowed that, like the Arabs, the Copts, however religiously, and even superstitiously, inclined, use sacred words with too great frequency in their common conversation. There is something of this, too, in their most usual Christian names. Issa, or Jesus, for instance, occurs very often among them, as well as "Abd el Messih," the slave of the Messiah, and other similar names. Another common class include the old Coptic saints, such as Menas, Tedrus, Moharb, and Markus. Menas, by the way, recalls the old Egyptian Mena, or Menes. Another common name is "Saleeb," the cross. They call John "Hanna," a form peculiar to the Copts, who do not use the Arabic "Hasan." It is probable that a good many ancient Egyptian names survive among them, as the only Coptic words now in popular use. An investigation of this point might repay inquiry, but the fact is, that until lately few travellers and no Egyptologists have taken any trouble with Coptic antiquities or folk-lore. One very ancient custom survives among them. Their tombs are made like houses, and three times a year the families to which each belongs assemble to feast in them. This custom has no religious significance, except that almsgiving is associated with it.

If our occupation of Egypt should prove a long one, it will be worth our while to give more attention to the Copts, as the section of the native population with whom we shall probably in course of time find ourselves most in harmony, and through whom undoubtedly administration will be largely carried on. Their remarkable aptitude for all kinds of business, and the knowledge which many of them have acquired of the working of the so-called "International Code," as well as of the native or Koranic law, will make them very useful. The late and present Khedive sent many young Copts to study at Aix or in Paris; and the work of the tribunals at Cairo was chiefly carried on through their agency. They do not now wear any distinctive costume, except that those in the Government employ adopt the usual modern black coat with a standing collar, and the Turkish cap; but in remote places, especially among the older Copts, a black turban, their former badge of servitude, is frequently seen. In personal appearance they unquestionably resemble strongly the ancient Egyptians as represented on countless monuments; but this peculiarity is largely shared by the fellaheen, among whom it is very common to see the face of a Rameses or of a Thothmes reproduced with startling exactness. It is more than probable that a great future is before the modern Copt. He has lost the shyness of which Lane complains; but it remains to be seen whether he will show any faculty for command. At present, as he himself frequently remarks to the sympathetic traveller, he is a "servant of servants." His intolerance has in great measure disappeared, yet it is not impossible that under conditions of greater freedom some of the old controversial rancour may be again developed. He still too often hates and is hated by the Greek and Syrian Christian, and there is a heresy even in his own ranks, and a separate Coptic Church, which does not hold to the ancient Jacobite creed. His greed of gain will be another stumbling-block, unless it can be directed into a wholesome channel by the encouragement of industry and commerce. At present the cynical visitor complains that in a Coptic school he is addressed in glib English somewhat to the following effect—"I little Christian boy—you give me backsheesh."

A WEEK WITH MR. DAWSON.

IT used to be a stock jest to sneer at mayors; but time and change have made these witticisms somewhat unfashionable. Mr. Charles Dawson, M.P., the present worshipful occupant of the civic chair in Dublin, appears to have thought that this is a pity. The House of Commons and the Mansion House of a great city are admirable theatres whereon to display the ability to wear motley, and Mr. Dawson has not neglected his opportunities. Until very recently, however, circumstances have not favoured him with the chance of absolutely creating a rôle. A week or two ago Mr. Dawson was only known generally as a person who, for some inscrutable reason known to himself, had challenged Mr. Forster to mortal combat if he, the late Chief Secretary, should attempt violence towards a lady whom politeness prevents our naming here, and as being apt to magnify his office and display its accoutrements in a very strange fashion at Westminster. He might, in fact, have been summed up in certain famous lines describing a more vigorous prototype of his:—

The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, made him magistrate.
His hand a vare of office did uphold,
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.

The "vare of office" may not have been reproduced, but the chain of gold has been brilliantly in evidence, not merely on Mr.

Dawson's manly breast, but in portraits which the Irish illustrated papers have delighted to publish. Mr. Dawson, moreover, was always to the fore in the generous task of bestowing the freedom of his city on various convicts or suspects, so that, as in the case just quoted, "the sons of Belial" had as "glorious a time" as could be given them by the somewhat barren honour of Dublin burgess tickets. Until, however, the notable incident in which his friend Mr. Gray figured a week or two ago, Mr. Dawson's vagaries did not attract any general attention. That fortunate circumstance at once brought him to the front. His discovery that his name was included in the Commission which tried the first batch of murderers and mutilators under the Coercion Act afforded an opportunity which Mr. Dawson was not slow to grasp. The deepest disquietude seized him lest haply he should be thought to be art and part in the tyrannical conduct of Mr. Justice Lawson, and he cleared himself accordingly in the face of men and angels. But things are forgotten quickly nowadays, and in about a week Mr. Dawson found it necessary to show his quality once more. This time the subject chosen was not law, but political economy. The inability of the Irish manufacturer to compete with his English rival has for centuries exercised the souls of Irish patriots. It used to be set down to the jealous legislation of the brutal Saxon; but, unluckily, that resource has ceased to be available. Mr. Dawson has found out a substitute. The guileless Irishman (exercising that talent of saving for which he is notorious, and which is apparently quite compatible with inability to pay his debts) puts much money in savings banks; the fiendish savings banks lend the money to English capitalists; and the energy of the industrious toiler is neutralized, his country being flooded by the rival goods produced at his own expense. Such, up to the end of last week, were the chief deeds of Mr. Dawson. He had established himself as one of the minor laughing-stocks of the House of Commons; he had garnished the aviary of the Dublin Corporation with various gaol-birds from Kilmainham; he had made himself a Justice of Oyer and Terminer; and he had pierced to the very roots of the science of political economy. The strike of the Dublin police gave him such an opportunity as few Chief Magistrates, except him of the Gordon riots, have had; and once more Mr. Dawson—not in a single action, but in a whole campaign—proved his qualifications.

As soon as the strike occurred, Lord Spencer, in a manner which showed either great generosity, remarkable boldness, or else a very cunning knowledge of his man, invited Mr. Dawson's co-operation as Lord Mayor in the task of preventing riot. Now there were hardly two courses open to Mr. Dawson. As a loyal subject and a public-spirited magistrate, it was his duty to do all he could to support the authorities; as a partisan and a player at the game of national politics, it was his interest to do his utmost to magnify his office and gain the credit of maintaining order. But Mr. Dawson's notion of his duty, apparently, is to thwart authority, not to support and obey it, and he seems to have equally lacked intelligence of head and constancy of heart to play the part of a magnanimous ally. A small mind united with a fractious temper always tries to aggravate the difficulties of others, and this was Mr. Dawson's course. He discovered that the Corporation, not being entrusted with the management of the police, had no *locus standi* in the matter; he summoned an informal meeting with, it would appear, no other purpose than to give himself and his satellites in the Council an opportunity of reviling the Government; and he published an absurd proclamation, attributing the difficulty to a "misunderstanding," and carefully avoiding any appeal to the citizens to respond to the Lord Lieutenant's demand and enrol themselves as special constables for the defence of order. This was followed by a second on Saturday, in which Mr. Dawson thanked the citizens for the peace and order they had observed (*i.e.*, for the riots of Friday night), and remarked that "he could not appeal to the armed forces of the Crown"—whatever that may mean. But by Monday it was evident, even to Mr. Dawson, that he had played his game badly. The trouble had been got over without him. Accordingly he bestirred himself, and now offered (despite the want of *locus standi*) to swear in special constables of a better kind than the Government had procured. Lord Spencer of course politely informed him that he was too late; and Mr. Dawson, capping the climax of his behaviour in the Lawson incident, affected to discover that he could swear in on his own authority, and actually proposed doing so, giving his men separate and distinctive badges. This kind of minor civil war was, of course, not seriously intended, and Mr. Dawson contented himself with a speech. The town, he said, was full of English visitors, who all looked to him and expected great things of him—a proof that the English visitors, if they existed anywhere else than in Mr. Dawson's imagination, must have had singularly little knowledge of his antecedents. The meeting, however, after some pretty plain invitations on the part of Nationalist speakers to the mob to renew their violence, separated; and this chapter of the Book of the Chronicle of the Acts of Mr. Dawson seemed to have come to an end. But he had not done with it. On Wednesday he summoned the Corporation hastily to give a banquet to the Mayor of Chicago. On such an occasion, of course, politics are supposed to be excluded, and Nationalists, Liberals, and Conservatives hastened to do fitting honour to the Chief Magistrate of a great American town. But they, at least the loyal portion of them, had literally reckoned without their host. They did not know their Lord Mayor or his remarkable guest. First, Mr. Dawson was good enough to

propose the health of Her Majesty with the loyal and graceful remark that the Queen did not recognize the will of the great majority of the Irish people. Then he proposed the health of his guest as "a significant compliment to the people of America, and a personal one to the Mayor of a town who had authority over the police of his district." This sentiment pleased the illustrious stranger so much that he enthusiastically drank his own health, and then responded. The Mayor of Chicago—we do not know his respectable name—remarked that there was "a dawn in the far east giving a glimpse of a chance of Irish liberty"; which may be supposed to be the Mayor of Chicago's pretty way of referring to the Egyptian war. Then he said that he had an ancestor (everybody in America is known to have ancestors) who led Charles I. to the block; and, finally, he remarked that in America there was but one sentiment—that of sympathy with struggling Ireland. After this, the toast of the House of Lords was omitted; and Messrs. Biggar, Sullivan, and Co. talked the usual carefully-veiled sedition in response to that of the House of Commons. Luckily, however, for the credit of the good town of Dublin, the chorus of disaffection was not unbroken. Sir John Barrington seems to have made a very manly and becoming speech, protesting against this abuse of a non-political occasion, and contradicting the seditious folly which had been talked before him. So the proceedings ended, in a decidedly better way than that in which they had begun.

This unvarnished review of the way in which the Lord Mayor of Dublin spent the six days from Friday in last week to Wednesday in this will give a sufficiently vivid, though hardly a very satisfactory, view of one of the men whom Irish faction delights to honour. Taken in conjunction with the little selection from his previous history which has been prefixed to it, it will give a better still. The Mayor of Chicago is of opinion that "England has held Ireland for seven hundred years in chains." The chains, at any rate, do not exercise any restriction over the selection of Lord Mayors and members of Parliament by Irishmen, and this is a specimen of the kind of man they prefer. We have had foolish Dogberries enough in all conscience on the eastern side of St. George's Channel. But it is difficult to form a conception—it is probably impossible to find an example—among English dignitaries of Mr. Dawson's kind, of a person combining so happily the various qualifications of inordinate vanity, childish petulance, hopeless want of intelligence, shameless lack of public spirit, gross ill-breeding, and, to crown all, the absence even of the mere cunning which sometimes supplies the want of intelligence to a certain extent. It is indeed difficult to take in accurately the length and breadth and depth and height of the folly of a man who could propound Mr. Dawson's explanation of English competition with Irish trade. But even such a man, it might be thought, would have seized the opportunity presented to him by Lord Spencer of playing an important part at a really dangerous crisis, when for once no political question could be said to be at stake. Even Mr. Davitt and Mr. George, we presume, do not hold it to be an Irish idea that burglars and pickpockets should have Dublin at their mercy. But Mr. Dawson could not see this—could not see anything but an opportunity to do the Castle a bad turn. His bad turn turned back on himself, and then he could think of nothing but entrapping his loyal fellow-councillors into attending a meeting apparently called for the purpose of insulting the Queen, ignoring the Lord-Lieutenant and two of the three Estates of the realm, slandering judges and law officers, and providing a stranger with the opportunity of drinking his own health and repeating some of the stereotyped falsehoods of American politicians and American newspapers about England and Ireland. The calculus is not yet invented which can discover whether Mr. Dawson's folly exceeds his bad taste; whether his want of public spirit is or is not equalled by his folly. But he is a man after the heart of the kind of Irishman who takes "Irishman" as a trade-mark, and such as he (never perhaps more foolish, but often more mischievous) are the men to whom persons reputedly sane desire that we should commit the guardianship of a third of the United Kingdom.

THE FRENCH CONCORDAT AND DISESTABLISHMENT.

OUR readers may recollect our calling attention in two articles last December to the Concordat of 1801 between Pius VII. and Napoleon, which has from that day to this, with certain modifications, regulated the relations of Church and State in France, under the various Governments, imperial, monarchical, and republican, which have at short intervals succeeded each other during the eighty intervening years. M. Paul Bert, the Minister of Worship, had just announced his intention of enforcing strictly on the clergy several vexatious provisions which had by general consent long been suffered to fall into desuetude, if indeed they had ever been practically insisted upon except perhaps under the First Empire, after Napoleon had quarrelled with the Pope. It was pointed out at the time that all or nearly all these obsolete regulations did not fall under any of the 17 Articles of the Concordat itself, but were found among the 77 "Organic Articles" subsequently annexed to the Concordat without the knowledge or consent of the Pope, who lost no time in formally protesting against them in Consistory. But the protest was disregarded, and it has suited the convenience of the French Government systematically to confound or rather identify the two documents, which in fact rest on a wholly

different basis. Not long after the retirement of the Ministry of which M. Bert was a member, a motion was made by M. Boysset for the total abrogation of the Concordat with a view to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church. M. Freycinet, the Prime Minister, quite unexpectedly gave Government support to this proposal so far as to advise that it should be "taken into consideration," though he carefully avoided committing himself to any approval of the suppression of the budget of worship. "The motion would simply afford an opportunity for a full discussion of the great question of the relations of Church and State," and on this understanding a Commission was appointed to make a general inquiry into the working of the Concordat, or, in other words, to examine how far the enactments devised by Napoleon I. to secure the complete subjection of the Church to the State had come to be evaded or ignored. The Commissioners, after four months' labour, have now just issued their Report, to which we referred last week, and, as might be expected under the circumstances, they not only declare that the provisions of the Concordat are in many respects habitually infringed, but add a series of suggestions which would certainly tend to produce an entire disruption of the connexion between Church and State, and are probably proposed with that design. The following summary of its drift is given by the *Times*' Correspondent:—

Bishops leave their dioceses without permission from the Minister of Worship; they correspond directly with Rome; they issue pastoral letters and *mandements* without having previously submitted copies of them to Government; moreover, they and the parish priests persist in regarding the churches, episcopal palaces, and presbyteries as ecclesiastical and not national property. The Commissioners express grave concern at all this and formulate a number of suggestions which are certainly not calculated to sweeten the relations between the clergy and Republican officials. They propose that bishops shall be required to adorn their palaces, and *cures* their presbyteries, with bunting on "national" anniversaries, like the 14th of July, and that, failing their readiness to do this, the decoration shall be done for them and at their expense by the municipal authorities; also that the municipalities shall cause the bells of cathedrals and churches to be rung at their good pleasure without the clergy having power to stop them. On the other hand, the Commissioners have overlooked the fact that some of the obligations which the State contracted towards the Church by the Concordat have not been faithfully observed—as, for instance, that of paying to the clergy such stipends "as will enable them to live with reasonable comfort" (*convenablement*). In 1801, 24*l.* a year was a sufficient salary for a priest in certain country districts, but it is no longer so now; and yet there are numbers of parishes where the stipend of the incumbent has not been altered since the beginning of the century. However, the Commissioners do not seem to have considered that they were appointed to propose an amicable adjustment of the relations between Church and State. They are politicians noted for their advanced views and they appear to have been bent on showing that it was not possible that the Church and the Republic should live harmoniously together; therefore, that separation would be the best thing for both.

The first remark which suggests itself on this Report is that the particular enactments said to be infringed by the bishops, like many others of a similar kind, are not provisions of the Concordat but of the Organic Articles, and that except on rare occasions they have been suffered from the first—or certainly since the fall of Napoleon—to remain a dead letter. And it is obvious at a glance that to enforce them, without serving any useful purpose, would put an almost intolerable strain on the relations, sufficiently strained already, between the civil and ecclesiastical powers. We may observe by the way that it would be a great convenience to his readers if in future editions of his excellent work on the Gallican Church Mr. Jervis would reprint in an appendix the text of the Concordat and Organic Articles, as well as of the more important Bulls of Pius VI. and Pius VII. bearing on the ecclesiastical crisis under the Revolution and the First Empire. As to the proposal in the Report for new regulations, it is difficult to believe that it is meant to be seriously taken, except as a general admonition to the prelates to set their house in order because their days of State recognition are numbered. If indeed it was for the interest of the Republic deliberately and of set purpose to provoke the bitterest animosity of the priesthood and to render itself justly odious to the great body of French Catholics, no more ingenious method could well be devised for the purpose than to enforce the ringing of church bells and the decoration of episcopal palaces and presbyteries on national fêtes, like July 14, with which bishops and clergy may be presumed to feel less than no sympathy. Some idea of the irritation likely to be caused by such a procedure may be formed by recalling the protest of about 15,000 of the English clergy against the Burials Bill. Yet the Burials Act was passed, whether with or without sufficient reason, in order to remedy an alleged grievance of Nonconformists—not in order to provoke the antagonism of the clergy, but in spite of it. In France Nonconformists are an inconsiderable fraction of the population, and there is no grievance to be allayed by ringing church bells and adorning palaces and presbyteries with bunting on national anniversaries. The decree would not be enforced for some useful, or at least plausible, purpose, in spite of the offence given to the clergy, but simply and precisely in order to offend them. The Government would, in short, be acting like the Irishman when he trails his coat in the mud in the hope that it may be trodden upon. And as regards the obligations contracted by the State towards the Church in the Concordat, we may observe that the payment of a "*convenable*" salary to the clergy is not the only one which appears to have been "*overlooked*." The last article *e.g.* of the Concordat—not, be it observed, of the Organic Articles—provides that, in case of the First Consul (which would of course apply by parity of reasoning to the rulers under any other form of government) not being a Catholic, the rights and pre-

rogatives therein assigned to him shall be regulated by a new Concordat. It did not occur to M. Paul Bert, and does not occur to his admirers now, that there is anything in his famous boast about "the destruction of phylloxera," or in his more recent denunciation of religious teaching as "a school of imbecility, fanaticism, unpatriotism, and immorality," to constitute a disqualification for exercising jurisdiction over bishops. There can be no doubt however that what the extreme Republicans are aiming at is not a revision or re-enforcement of the Concordat and Organic Articles, but the separation of Church and State. They are quite aware that such a *régime* as is shadowed out in the Report of this Commission is unworkable, and if any attempt were made to work it, it would only be as the shortest and sharpest way of forcing on the Church the alternative of separation or enslavement. Those must indeed be sanguine theorists who "have hoped that the whole question might be satisfactorily settled by a strict application of the clauses in the Concordat [i.e. the Organic Articles] which place the clergy in subjection to the Minister of Public Worship and prohibit bishops from issuing a line of print without the permission of this official," and who fail to perceive that the clergy will not submit to this sort of control while they can avoid it by supporting the cause of disestablishment. It is obviously for the true interest of the State no less than of the Church that, if the union is to be continued, it should be rendered as harmonious, not as unpleasant, as possible. If, on the other hand, no *modus vivendi* acceptable to both parties can be discovered, they had better, one would think, amicably "agree to differ," instead of first quarrelling in order afterwards to separate.

He would be a bold man who, in view of the successive revolutions of government and of thought during the past century, should undertake to predict the future of France, whether civil or religious. A complete severance of the union of Church and State is quite conceivable, though other solutions of the problem are equally conceivable, and perhaps less improbable. But it may be worth while briefly to inquire what forces are working in the direction of such a severance, and what results would be likely to follow from it. There is indeed an obvious analogy here, though of course with characteristic differences, between the state of things in England and in France. In both countries there is a party within, as well as without, the Church who, for very opposite reasons, are in favour of disestablishment, though in neither country has such a view been openly avowed by any responsible authorities. But in France this is nothing new. After the Revolution of 1830, the leading spirits in the French religious world—men like Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert—writhed uneasily under the ignoble thralldom of a monarchy which had none of the grandeur and traditional prestige of the old Bourbon dynasty, while it came down on the Church with a heavier hand than the successor of St. Louis had ever employed. The "Gallican liberties" had perished in the cataclysm of the Revolution and the First Empire, and the meddlesome, vexatious, arbitrary ecclesiastical policy of Louis Philippe gave a fresh impetus to the growing Ultramontane reaction. The Catholic leaders of the day in France were Ultramontane in doctrine and Liberal in politics, and their organ, the *Avenir*, preached with passionate fervour and persistence the separation of Church and State. They were condemned at Rome, and Lamennais soon afterwards broke off from the Church altogether, while Lacordaire in deference to authority was content to write afterwards in the *Ere Nouvelle* on the other side. But it is pretty clear that to the last both he and Montalembert cherished an unchanged conviction that it would be better for the Church to be emancipated altogether from State control, even at the cost of forfeiting all State support. There is believed to be a strong party who take that view now, and who consider as they did, that the Church, if freed from all State connexion, would become richer and more powerful, as well as more exclusively spiritual in its aims, than it is now. It would sacrifice at once some two millions sterling at present paid annually out of the budget, but they think the loss would be more than made up by the voluntary contributions of the faithful, and, as far as the incomes of the bishops and *cures* of city churches are concerned, this would most likely be the case. As it is, many of the latter are said to receive an income, derived from choir rents, offertories, and what we should call surplice fees, ten times as large at least as their official stipends. But in France, as in England under similar circumstances, the great difficulty would arise in the case of country villages, even assuming—what is far from certain—that the parish churches and presbyteries were made over rent-free to the disestablished communion. The French peasant would not like to see his parish church closed, and would not like to pay for keeping it open, and his wealthier neighbours might not care to help him, considering that under a system of universal suffrage he had the remedy in his own hands. And thus it might some day come to pass, as has been suggested, that a general election would bring an overwhelming majority of reactionary members into the Chamber of Deputies. That is a possibility to which moderate men of all parties, whether Catholics or not, are quite alive, and they would much prefer themselves to leave matters as they are. But the Church question unfortunately offers still, as in the Revolution of '89, a quite unique temptation to political adventurers of advanced opinions. Amid the crash of dynasties, empires, and aristocracies, the Church is the one ancient institution in France that remains, unchanged in essence though with some changes of outward form, and moreover

the one which represents and upholds unchanged the principle of authority. Moreover, while stripped of many old and invidious privileges, it is still a great power in the country, and therefore in various ways oppressive to men who hate all moral restraints, as well as to those—and they are not a few in France—who mock bitterly at all religious creeds. To denounce it is accordingly for aspiring orators or journalists an easy and promising task. It supplies them with a plausible, if it be a fictitious, grievance, out of which ready capital can be made. Discreet politicians, of whatever school, know how to appraise such bunkum at its true value, but in this world, and notably in modern France, wise men are a minority, and are often constrained, if not to "suffer fools gladly," to seem at least to share their folly. And thus even moderate and prudent statesmen have got into a way of talking as though the public interest imperatively required that, either by disestablishment or stringent Government supervision, the power of the French Church should be seriously curtailed. It remains to be seen whether one or other of these alternatives, and if so which, will be actually adopted. And it is a further and still graver question whether the adoption of the first would not lead to consequences widely different from those contemplated by its thoroughgoing Radical advocates. It is the standing error of politicians, which apparently no experience avails to correct, to miscalculate spiritual forces.

THE WELCOME OF AN INN.

IT would seem that the evolution of all social institutions is towards democracy. To this rule modern modes of travelling and modern hotels are no exceptions. When, in the old posting days, every window looking on the inn-yard was full of heads the moment that the jingling of bells and the cracking of whips was heard; when my lord's carriage dashed in with its red wheels and postillions brilliant in yellow breeches, shiny hats, and laced coats; and when, as the courier helped her ladyship's woman from the rumble, the obsequious host bowed my lord out of the inside, there could be no doubt that travelling was in the aristocratic stage of development. What a change to the present day, when the hotel omnibus, loaded with piles of luggage outside, and inside with cross and spiteful travellers, empties its load at the hotel door. The crowd round the bureau, the harsh and vehement *portier*, the rush upstairs to carry the room that has got the view—in which a panting bishop may be distanced by a nimble hairdresser—these, and the thousand other little acts of meanness which are practised to secure the best accommodation, are all signs of the change that has been wrought in a generation. In old days there was a romance about travelling which has now ceased to exist. The traveller did not then feel that his nationality and his exact social status were all accurately, perhaps unkindly, measured by the waiter who took his hat and stick at Naples. Now he is sure they will be, for the man is just fresh from the Langham or the Charing Cross Hotel, and knows to a nicety the cost and quality of the traveller's great-coat. In old days all who travelled for pleasure were English *milords*. It is related of an innkeeper of the old style that to the question "What was that great family who have just driven up?" he replied, "Oh! they are some English who have arrived, but I do not know yet whether they are Americans or Russians." Now a *portier* will not hesitate a moment whether to address a traveller in Dutch, Russ, or English. Forty years ago there were, no doubt, public tables kept in most of the great hotels abroad, but the *table-d'hôte* had not then assumed the stereotyped form it now bears, and which makes the dinners served at six or half past, from the Nile to the Hague, from St. Petersburg to Ajaccio, absolutely identical. Tell any experienced traveller the day of the week and ask him to prophesy a dinner, and he will prophesy exactly. And indeed the task is not one of great difficulty, for he has always the fixed points of *poulet et salade* and *dessert varié* from which to calculate. He may, perhaps, not always hit on the precise nomenclature, but he will be sure of the thing itself. "*Le nom de tout et le goût de rien*," was a Frenchman's epigrammatical way of summing up a long dinner; and, indeed, the wealth of language which can be employed to designate one and the same dish is very remarkable. A cook once struck out an original line by alternately calling *poulet* and *poulet sauvage* the tough legs of chicken he was used to send up, accompanied by what the poet has called "the trampled herbage of the field" swimming in a liberal supply of oil at the bottom of a white washhand-stand basin. "Hoil! hoil again! I can't abide hoil," was the pathetic cry of an English lady, unaccustomed to foreign travel, which was heard to rise high above the roar of a long table, as the waiter deftly flung down at her side in his hurried flight the said white basin. Some at least of her countrymen and countrywomen felt sympathy with her sorrow, and admiration for the honest indignation which gave it utterance. If the Frenchman's remark was true of the menu, it is equally true of the wine list at a modern hotel. This curious subject, in truth, demands much greater space than we can give it here; it often holds "wonders untold," as the poets tell us the ocean does. One shall be quoted here; "whishyoldirish," as an example of the finest travel-talk English, can hardly be rivalled.

The welcome of an inn afforded by the *table-d'hôte* is perhaps not so important as that afforded by the guests. Though modern inns are democratic in constitution, survivals of an earlier polity

remain. Speaking broadly, there are three classes of inhabitants at an hotel; the lowest, those who dine at the long table of the table-d'hôte, say, at six o'clock; the middle, those who dine at the same hour, but at a little separate table in the window, pay a franc a head extra, and have all the dishes handed to them last; the highest, those who dine two hours later on the half-cold remains of the six o'clock dinner, at three francs a head extra. It is characteristic of our new democracy that rank here varies inversely with the goodness of the dinner. It is only among the lowest class that social intercourse takes place freely. Seated at the top of the long table is sure to be found the manager of all such intercourse. He is a social phenomenon of great interest, and is best described as the aged inhabitant; he has known the hotel since it was built, he comes every year in the first month it opens, he stays till it closes. If in a mountain place, his great, nay his sole, occupation is to watch the carriages arrive. For this purpose he waits in the garden, and as the carriage drives in he turns with absolute regularity the corner of the building. His first position is near the horses' heads, where he waits till the party have got into the hall; having committed the number of persons to memory, he then saunters into the hall as if on business of his own, and takes up his second position below the stairs. The strangers are by this time on their way to their rooms, and their heavy trunks are being deposited in the hall. Now is his chance; as each heavy box is brought in he falls on it, and intently examines the label, turning over each package till he has got a clear notion of the personnel of the party. His observations finished, he retires again to his lair to await another arrival. Say that the party are of the table-d'hôte class, they may be certain that as they take their places at dinner they will hear him say to the person next him, "A large party came in to-day—a great many servants. I think four, perhaps five, I could not count them quite accurately"; and he mutters to himself, "I wish I had given more attention to the servants—but it was such a confusion," with an air that seems to say that it is not fair to put one out like this, people should be more considerate. You soon get to know him, for he will come up to you the day you arrive, and explain to you the excellences of the place, the reasons why it ought in reality to be fine, though it is drenching with rain. He will add that you must go up such a mountain or see such a waterfall before you go; that your guide will be So-and-so, that he will order him for you, that you can go to-morrow or Tuesday, which you please, but that you must not put it off later. The post is one of the daily events at which the aged inhabitant shines most. He does not receive any letters himself, but he counts the budgets of others. He will say complacently to you, as if you had shocked his sense of proportion, "You had a great many letters to-day," and when you meekly try to explain the fact away as quite exceptional, you hear him mutter, "Yes, but he had six letters and a postcard on Thursday." To the place to which he has attached himself the aged inhabitant is unflinchingly loyal. He will allow no word of complaint against the hotel, the weather, or the locality to be breathed in his presence, for he regards any such words of disapprobation as personal affronts, and resents them as such. Whether it has poured for six weeks, or whether there are dust clouds blowing like the simoom, the weather must be assumed to be genial and temperate. The only person who ever dares to assail the position of the aged inhabitant is a passing clergyman; he may, if he be a very militant Christian, rival the aged inhabitant, and, in extreme cases, may even drive him from his post at the head of the table. In the case of a resident chaplain an aged inhabitant of any spirit would move to another hotel. Another of the various types that welcome one at an inn is the mild man with a taste for natural science, whose vocation it is to explain, usually wrongly, the more elementary facts of astronomy. This gentle being, sometimes a clergyman who does not do duty, sometimes a retired lawyer or doctor, but invariably arrayed in a black wide-awake hat with a long puggaree, is always seeking to form a class to which he may lecture. His haunt is the portico or verandah of the hotel, where in many cases he has induced the landlord to place a brass telescope on a three-legged stand. The instrument often serves him as a decoy for recruiting his class. His simple tactics are these. He waits till he sees a stranger approach, standing not too near; oftener than not a kind of infatuation will induce the devoted man to look through the telescope; quick as thought the man in the puggaree is upon him. "Excuse me, but it is not properly adjusted; a very nice instrument; Saturn's rings can be seen quite clearly with it. This evening we" (he will always speak of his class in this way) "are going to have it put on the roof to look at Mars. Would you care to join us?" The class invariably consider their oracle as inspired with universal wisdom, and listen to the very hazy and antiquated facts he produces as if they were new discoveries. To his class he talks of "we" in a way which seems to imply I and the Astronomer-Royal. "We have now obtained a more correct measurement," or "We feel almost certain," are ever on his lips. The middle-aged spinsters admire him greatly, and at dinner the wonderful information possessed by Mr. Parkins is often the subject of admiration.

We have said something of the traveller and his welcome at an inn in his individual and family aspects. We must now treat of him in the artificial family which, though it subsists side by side with the natural family, is, as Professor Stubbs has told us, a later social development. The personally-conducted tour is, considered scientifically, an artificial family, and resembles in many instances—especially in its quarrels—the natural family. It is a

mistake to suppose that the institution is merely English. To a traveller astonished at the sudden irruption of a horde of bearded men into a *salle-à-manger*, an intelligent waiter exclaimed, in explanation, "Sono tutti Cooki," and then, correcting himself, "Une espèce de Cook," for the party was entirely French and Italian. Sorrow and heart-achings can be no more banished from the artificial than from the real family. One among those we have just mentioned sat apart and apparently in grief. A lady, wishing if possible to relieve his suffering, seized an opportunity which occurred to probe his wound. "Ah, Madam," he exclaimed, "I am miserable, miserable because I am poor. I am on my wedding tour and alone, because I was too poor to bring my bride with me." In such a case the comforts and delights of the artificial family were of no avail. When the poet Sa'adi gave way to some unpleasant and melancholy remarks, his friend "clung to his skirt and cried, 'What is the remedy?'" From this democratization of hotel life, if we cling to the skirts of the Directeur and cry, "What is the remedy?" if he answers anything, it will most probably be "furnished lodgings." But in many cases such an answer would be a mockery. Sa'adi got out of his difficulty by saying that he would compose a book, but such a course would be of little use here. Indeed it seems that we must fain admit that there is no remedy. As the Nihilists tell us, "The chariot of liberty goes rolling along, gnashing its teeth as it goes," and woe to those who try to stop it. It may stop itself, or may gnash its teeth away, but till then travellers who do not like travelling under popular forms had better stop at home.

CARCASSONNE.

CARCASSONNE, like Pau, stands on the verge of the Pyrenean district; but the fortunes of the two places have been widely different. Pau owed its consequence in a past day to being the birthplace of Henri Quatre, and therefore the feudal keep became a mere appendage to the Renaissance palace. That palace is now in its turn eclipsed by showy hotels, for fortune has willed that Pau should become a focus of fashion, and be yearly crowded with representatives of the world of fashion from every capital in Europe. Carcassonne, no doubt, was a fashionable place in the days when it was the capital of the Gothic kingdom in Gaul. Though it has suffered much since those days, it has seen little of change or innovation since the reign of St. Louis. As it was then it stands now, a well-preserved specimen of the fortified city of feudalism. Its history ends where that of most other places begins. After it had been made capable of enduring the longest siege, it never was called on to endure a siege again. The invention of cannon put such defences out of fashion, and in most places they have gradually been pulled down to make way for the buildings of the new towns that sprang up on the top of them. At Carcassonne the new town has been built on the opposite side of the river, the inhabitants of the houses that crowded round the walls having been all turned out at a very early period, and never again allowed to rebuild these suburbs. In no other place is the difference between the old and the new town so strongly marked as in Carcassonne. The "Bourg Neuf" differs in nothing from the general run of French provincial towns except in being better laid out and more regularly built. Historic visions that are called up by the sight of the massive walls and towers of the old town as seen from the railway are rudely shattered by hearing the name shouted out in the harsh voice of a railway official; and the unromantic necessity of looking after the safety of the impedimenta, which takes the edge off the keen enjoyment of travelling, effectually exorcises the romantic emotions which the first arrival in a place so wreathed about with memories of vanished races and forgotten sects must surely awaken even in the least imaginative mind. Feeling, as one must, that in a town so ancient the traveller has no right to expect any vehicle of less primitive construction than a biga or an ox-cart, it is quite an agreeable surprise to find oneself jolting over the cobble stones in an omnibus to the hostel which has chosen the Baptist for its patron and its sign. It is wonderful what a favourite this, the most austere saint of the New Testament, is with French innkeepers, though surely his simple and abstemious habits must have made him but a poor customer to those of their trade. Here, happily, when dinner in due time is served, the board is spread with other meats than the locusts and wild honey which the sign seems to promise. The guests are a crowd of hungry "commis-voyageurs," who convey their fish to their mouths with their fingers, and everything else with the blades of their knives, and who, in the intervals of feeding, rest on their toothpicks, so to speak, and stare at the strangers. The presence of so many commercial travellers suggests some amount of business to be done in the new town, which is a flourishing place with some manufactories. There is little in it to interest a stranger. The two churches—one of which is now the cathedral—are thirteenth or fourteenth-century buildings.

The city is completely separated from the town. To reach it the river must be crossed and the steep slope toiled up, and there is no line of streets to connect them such as one meets with in most old places that have gone on growing. The Carcassonne of history, the city, holds itself quite aloof from its nearer neighbours. It crowns the top of a long low hill on the other side of the river Aude, which flows round its base and contributes to the natural strength of the position. No

site could have been better chosen for a frontier fortress. The plateau on which it stands rises just at an angle where the Aude, flowing from the slopes of the Pyrenees, turns its course eastward. It thus commands the natural route from the Mediterranean to the ocean, and the entrance of the defiles which lead towards Spain. However, the Romans who first founded the city made Narbonne the capital of their province, and seem never to have considered Carcassonne as more than a fort. But the Visigoths understood the strength of its position and made it the centre of their territory in the Narbonnaise, preferring it to Narbonne, which, lying in a flat country, was naturally much more difficult to defend. They built fortifications on a larger scale, and the remains of these can still be traced at the base of five of the towers. The materials they used were square-cut stones, interspersed with layers of brick, in all respects like the Roman work, the only marked difference being the greater thickness of the layers of mortar. The facing of the walls is not vertical, but retreats towards the base. The Gothic Carcassonne, however, differed little from the buildings of the latter days of the Empire in Italy and Gaul. On the Gothic foundations fortifications have been built successively in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. To understand the construction of the city, a glance must be taken at its history. It was the last stronghold of the Goths in Septimania. Clovis laid siege to it in vain, and was obliged to raise the siege. The Goths and Franks after this came to an agreement, and the Goths went on peaceably till the spread of the Saracen power again threatened their extinction. They held out for seven years after Moussa had conquered the Goths of Spain. Then they in their turn were obliged to yield. From this time till the end of the eleventh century Carcassonne finds no place in history; so we may conclude that it was at peace, and probably growing in prosperity, as we then find the citizens rebelling against their seigneur. Urban II. came to the city to make peace between them. Bernard Aton, the Viscount, with the help of the Count of Toulouse, got the better of his rebellious vassals, and they were forced to submit. The goods of the ringleaders were confiscated and given to the few who had remained faithful, and the towers and houses of the city were given to the latter on condition that they should keep watch and ward on the walls for four and eight months alternately. It was either under the Viscount Bernard or one of his immediate successors that the walls of the Visigoths were repaired, and that the castle was built. The additions of this period are easily recognizable, as they are all faced with yellowish sandstone roughly cut in a square form.

These defences prepared the city for the troublous days when, in the next century, pretended zeal for religion plunged Languedoc into the war and bloodshed of the so-called crusade against the Albigenses. The Viscount Raymond Roger cast in his lot with the Count of Toulouse. It brought ruin to his two cities Beziers and Carcassonne. Fresh from the smoking ruins of Beziers, where the cry for mercy had been met by the ruthless command "Kill all! kill all!" Montfort marched at the head of his army, inflamed by slaughter, to the city of Carcassonne. It was the month of August, and in spite of the strength of the position and the defences, the besieged were forced by want of water to give in at the end of a fortnight. The Viscount, in violation of the terms of surrender, was kept a prisoner in one of the towers, where he died in the following November. His lands were seized by the Crown, and henceforth Carcassonne was to be reckoned part of the royal domain, and a keeper for the Crown was appointed. But Raymond Roger had left a son, Raymond of Trincavel, who was not inclined to submit to the loss of his heritage without striking a blow for it first. At two years old he had been placed in the hands of the Count of Foix for his up-bringing. But when thirty years had passed he suddenly appeared with an army raised in Aragon and Catalonia, and after making himself master of Limoux and some other towns, presented himself before the walls of Carcassonne on September the 17th, 1240. The besiegers took possession of the faubourg on the west side, lying between the walls and the river, and thus were masters of the stone bridge over the Aude, by which the succours which were looked for from the north-west must cross the river to get into the city. The strength of the attack was thus concentrated on the gate that is now called the Porte de l'Aude and the château. The besiegers set to work with great vigour; however, all their attacks were readily met by the besieged. No sooner was a mangonel set up than an engine raised on the walls battered it down; every mine was met by a countermine, and though they succeeded in making breaches, the besieged fortified themselves behind them. So at last Raymond, fearing every moment to see the royal troops come down upon him, tried to carry the walls by assault. His men were repulsed with such losses that he saw himself obliged at the end of twenty-four days to raise the siege and retreat. The inhabitants of the faubourg on the south-eastern side had, in spite of their protestations of fidelity to the king, assisted the besiegers, and they were in consequence all driven into exile. The King, St. Louis, at once began great works for strengthening the fortifications. He enlarged the circuit of the wall thirty metres, so as to enclose within it the two points at which Raymond had centred his attack. Resolved as he was to make of Carcassonne an invincible bulwark of the royal territory both against the Spaniards and the heretically-inclined nobles of the South, he refused to let the inhabitants of the faubourg return; and it was only after seven years of exile, through the mediation of the Bishop Radulph, that they were allowed to establish themselves on the other side of the river, where they founded the Bourg Neuf; and as the ground on which it stood belonged to the

bishopric, the King gave him in exchange the half of the town of Villalier. In addition to building a new outer wall Louis built the great circular tower called the Barbican, connecting it with the château by a passage protected by strong fortified walls. Philip the Bold carried out these works, as he saw the value of the city as a central point from which to work out his schemes against the King of Aragon, and as a sure retreat in case of reverses. He built the Narbonne gate and carried out the restorations and additions that St. Louis had begun on the château.

Besides the principal gates there were numerous posterns to facilitate communication between the two walls, and so to secure to the garrison, in case of being dislodged from the outer wall, the means of beating a speedy retreat to the inner one. Each gate was a citadel in itself, and capable of being defended even if the neighbouring towers had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The great eastern entrance, the Porte Narbonnaise, may be taken as a type of what each gate was intended to be. The two great towers which flank the doorway are built with projections in front, so as to present a double thickness of masonry to resist the shock of battering rams or mines. A great chain first barred the way; within that was a portcullis and then a thick door; and behind that a second portcullis, while the wall on either side of the passage between them was pierced with loopholes through which archers posted within could shoot at the assailants, even after they had forced their way within the first gate. The towers are three stories high, the ground floor has a vaulted stone roof as well as the cellars excavated beneath it, and with which it communicates by four staircases, two only of which go up to the higher stories. The first floor is lighted by arched windows on the inner wall, but only the upper part of these was filled with glass; the lower was closed with wooden shutters, and they were likewise protected by strong iron bars. These towers do not interrupt the passage-way round the top of the ramparts which passes round them on the town side, though it can only be got at by one of the inner staircases. But this is an exception to the general rule of the construction, for in general each tower interrupts the passage, and is a separate retreat capable of standing an independent siege on its own account. Thus, if the enemy got possession of a section of wall they were exposed to the fire of the towers on either side of it, and in an instant the communication between the wall and the towers could be cut off. The spaces between the towers are irregular, being exactly proportioned to the length of the bow-shot at the time when they were built. Thus the towers raised on the Visigoths' foundations are much closer together than those raised at a later date. There are fifty-four towers in all, reckoning those on the outer and inner wall and those of the château together. Each of these required at least a score of men for its defence. It has been calculated that, allowing for the additional number required to protect the gates and the château, and reckoning a captain for each tower, the full complement of the garrison could not be less than 1,400 men, which gives an average of a man a metre to the circuit of the outer wall. It was to guard against surprises that the engineers of these times turned all their skill. Even if the walls were scaled an adroit garrison could defend themselves in the towers, and hold out till the last of these was taken. Thus it was in its capabilities for hand-to-hand defence that the great art of fortification lay from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. It is only by a careful study of the details that one can understand the accounts which we read of attack and defence on so prolonged a scale that they seem to us exaggerated. With such well-contrived means of defence, where every possible contingency must have been foreseen and provided for, one can well understand how before the invention of powder a well-provisioned and spirited garrison might out-last a siege of almost any length. The walls of Carcassonne are well worthy of careful study by all who wish to understand the military system of the middle ages.

The Gothic apse and fortified façade of the church of St. Nazaire, which was formerly the cathedral, towering above the walls, are among the most striking points in the general view of the city. The nave is Romanesque, dating from the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. Twelve massive columns, placed in two rows, divide the nave from the aisles. Of these, four are circular, and the rest square, with small columns attached to them. The capitals are all different. They are more quaint than beautiful, and are generally carved in imitation of foliage, with the exception of one, where an attempt is made to represent birds. A door with a rounded arch opens on the north side. The west front was close to the old wall and was fortified and looked upon as part of the defence of the ramparts. The ornaments of this side door are of a later period than the nave. It may be of the same date as the vaulted roof, for in the time of Urban II. the roof was only of wood. The west front has now been restored, battlements and all, to as near as can be guessed its original form. It has been supposed that this, the primitive church, was in the form of a basilica and ended with an apse where the transept has been joined on at a later date. The transept and apse, which form the new part of the church, were built during the episcopate of Pierre de Roquesfort, who held the see from 1300 to 1320. He seems to have striven to make up for the small size of his cathedral by lavishness of ornament. The King of France had made a donation to St. Nazaire in 1269, and very probably it was used for building the new choir. The contrast between the Romanesque and Gothic parts of the church is very marked. Along the eastern wall of the transept tall, slender, isolated shafts rise to the spring of the arches, but they are

far too fragile to be any real support and only serve for ornament. The contrast between their graceful elegance and the thick-set, massive and serviceable, though stunted, pillars of the nave is very striking. Thus the nave is only dimly lighted by small apertures in the outer walls of the aisles, so that it appears all wall and no window; but what strikes one most about the new part is that it is all window and no wall. The transept and apse are like a lantern. The long, narrow windows are placed so near and divided by such narrow spaces of masonry that they seem all lights. There is a rose-window at each end of the transept, the tracery of which is a blending of the trefoil and quatrefoil patterns. The glass of the windows, though brilliant in colour, is generally poor in design. On the outside wall of the apse there is a row of corbels in the form of female heads, which is worthy of notice as being a form which, though common in Romanesque, is rare in Gothic architecture. Two interesting tombs preserve the memory of the Bishops Radulphe and Pierre de Roquefort. The first is contained in a chapel, which seems to have been built after the death of the prelate in 1266. The floor of this chapel is about two inches below that of the church, and when the new buildings were added the lower part of the chapel was filled up so as to bring it to the same level. This has preserved the monument which, now that the chapel has been cleared out, is seen just as it was when first placed there. It is composed of a figure of the bishop on a sarcophagus, on which are represented the canons of the church in their vestments. Pierre de Roquefort, the builder of the choir, died in 1320; his tomb is placed in a chapel on the north side of the sanctuary. An inscribed slab in the transept is shown as having been part of the tomb of Simon de Montfort. This, however, is not genuine, as Simon was buried in the Abbey of Hautes-Bruyères, near Montfort l'Amaury, and the inscription is a clumsy forgery. But there is a fragment of a bas-relief in the wall of the chapel to the right of the sanctuary that is very curious, and has been the subject of much speculation. It represents the siege of a strongly fortified town with an outer and an inner wall, much in the same style as the defences of Carcassonne. The assailants are trying to force the walls, and the besieged are defending themselves by hurling projectiles at them by means of a clumsy engine that seems to give force to the missile, something on the same principle as a sling. It has been surmised that this curious piece of sculpture is a rude attempt to represent the death of Montfort, who was killed before the walls of Toulouse by a stone hurled by an engine of this kind, and worked by women on the Place St. Sernin in that town. Whether this conjecture be correct or not, there is no doubt that it is a work of the early part of the thirteenth century. The pointed form of the shields, the coats of chain-mail worn by the figures, and the cross-bow put into the hands of one of them, all suit this period. The cross-bow, which was first used by the Genoese and Catalans, and had the honour of being excommunicated by a Pope in 1131, only made its way into France in the thirteenth century. The domestic buildings connected with the church, including the bishop's palace, have been completely destroyed, but the foundations of the cloister of St. Nazaire which have been discovered, and the one wall of the cloister which remains, coincide with the indications of the cloister and its dependencies in old plans of the city. This part of the building dates from the time of St. Louis. Within the precincts of the cloister were staircases giving access to the ramparts, but it must be borne in mind that, as the cloister was already enclosed, this mode of communication was as much shut out from the townspeople as any of the other staircases of which the garrison kept the command, and to which they alone had free access. Thus, in time of siege the townspeople were held in complete subjection by the garrison, and might be kept as completely in the dark as were the besiegers as to what was taking place on the walls. A small church, dedicated to St. Sernin, stood formerly close to the wall, within the Narbonnaise gate, with its apse in one of the towers of the wall; but it was pulled to pieces in the last century. Shapeless mounds of stones, mortar, and rubbish are all the remains that are left of the other buildings of the ancient city, which is now quite deserted except by the inmates of some wretched hovels built between the walls.

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

THE absence of unassisted private enterprise in the construction of railways in India is remarkable. In the last thirty years about 10,000 miles of line have been opened. More than 140 millions of capital have been spent, nearly the whole of it being borrowed British capital. Something less than four-fifths was raised and expended by guaranteed Companies; the remaining fifth was borrowed directly by the State, with the exception of some 4 millions contributed from revenue, and was employed in the construction of State railways. But, as pointed out by Lord Hartington last December to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, "any undertaking guaranteed by the Government differs very little in character, though it may in form, from an undertaking directly promoted by the Government out of borrowed funds; the liability entailed upon the revenue of India is the same, and it is virtually only borrowing money under another name." There are, however, some important differences in the two systems. That of guarantees has proved by far the more expensive. The high rate of interest, 5 per cent., which it was found

necessary or expedient to guarantee in order to attract capital, has thrown upon the Government for many years a heavy charge. The published accounts show that at the end of 1880-81 the net outstanding advances by the Government on account of interest in excess of the earnings of the guaranteed railways amounted to nearly 27½ millions, and as these advances carried no interest, a considerable addition must be made to this sum to show the actual charge on the State resources. Besides advancing the deficiency of interest earned, the Government provided all the land at its own cost, and, owing to the adoption in the contracts with the Companies of a fixed rate of exchange, further considerable loss has been incurred by the Government. It has so happened that at first, when the remittances were chiefly of capital from England to India, the fixed rate of exchange was below the market rate—that is, the rupee was overvalued; and latterly, when the remittances have mostly been of revenue from India to England, the fixed rate has been above the market rate, the rupee being undervalued. Hence the Government lost on the remittances in both directions. The ordinary incentive to economy in the working of the railways was greatly weakened, owing to the shareholders being assured of five per cent. on all the capital they expended, and the guarantee was a direct inducement to increased capital expenditure. The system is subject to other inconveniences in the minute control which the Government is obliged to exercise over the expenditure of the Companies, leading to frequent conflicts of opinion, not to speak of the trouble and correspondence entailed by the necessity for agreement between the controlling authorities.

It was owing to the expense and inconveniences of the guarantee system that the Government of India in 1869 determined that all new lines should be constructed directly by State agency, and commenced borrowing for the purpose. But before the State railways were fairly completed and had time to develop a revenue, a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1879, alarmed at the increase in the principal of the public debt, and without considering the only question of importance—namely, the net burden of interest which the debt thus created would entail—laid down restrictions on the borrowing of the Government of India, confining it to 2½ millions a year for all productive works, whether railways or irrigation. Still a great extension of the railways was urgently demanded for the due development of Indian commerce; and the Government of India, forbidden to borrow sufficient money, and warned by past experience against a renewal of the guarantee system, was obliged to cast about for other means to get the railways made. The Secretary of State urged upon the Indian Government last year that, although it was true that up to the present time no Companies had been found willing to undertake the construction of railways without a guarantee, "when any reasonable prospect of success presents itself an endeavour should be made to encourage the raising of capital through private agency, on the exclusive security of the success of the undertaking." Major Baring cordially adopted this view, and in introducing his Budget last year argued strongly in favour of it. He pointed out the disadvantages of such works being undertaken by the State, and the advantages of private enterprise. With regard to the loss of revenue, he urged that, if the profits of the railway were left "to fructify in the pockets of the people," they would be better employed than if received by the State. He was prepared to grant some concessions, such as the supply of surveys and estimates and all necessary information by the Government, and even sometimes the grant of land free of cost, and possibly of waste land in the vicinity of a new line; but he evidently hoped that no guarantee of interest would be necessary. He instanced a Company which was then being formed, under the auspices of Messrs. Rothschild, for the construction of a railway near Calcutta; but it is difficult to see how he identified the pockets of Messrs. Rothschild and their friends with the pockets of the people of India. This year Major Baring has told us that the original basis of negotiation failed, and that "ultimately it was decided to give a guarantee of 4 per cent. during the period of construction, which was limited to five years." The Secretary of State to his instructions above quoted had added that, in the event of unguaranteed capital not being forthcoming, it would be desirable to consider whether there might not be adopted a system of guarantee "so restricted in respect to time, and to the rate of interest guaranteed, as to give subscribers a real interest in the efficient and economical administration of the railway." It is evident that unguaranteed capital is not forthcoming. Out of a long list of undertakings which have been proposed to the Government, Major Baring was only able to instance one—a line six miles in length—in which no aid was required from the Government except the grant of the land. For some of the smaller lines it is said that the capital offered is locally subscribed; but we may be sure that even in these much of the capital is not native capital, and the profits will go into the pockets of Englishmen and will be remitted to England. If native capital were forthcoming for investment in railways, the case for private enterprise would be much stronger. There would be great political and social advantages if the natives of India were directly interested in the success and maintenance of railways by the investment of their money in them. To gain these advantages even a recurrence to the guarantee system would have much to recommend it. But the case is different when the capital is foreign, and when the profits will be taken out of the country. The question, then, is whether it is better for India that the whole direct profits arising from the railways

should leave the country, or that only the interest for which the Government could borrow the money for the construction of the railways should go, the surplus profits being applied to the relief of the taxpayer and the improved administration of the country.

There is a middle course, however, which has been successfully adopted in the case of the East Indian Railway, one of the guaranteed lines which, under the terms of the contract, the Government was enabled to purchase at the beginning of 1880. Although they have purchased the line, the Government has not retained the working of it in its own hands. A new contract has been made by which the Company has provided a working capital of one-fifth of the value of the line. On this a guarantee of 4 per cent. has been given by the Government. After paying this guaranteed interest, as well as the interest on the debentures of the old Company, and the annuity which will in 74 years redeem the remaining four-fifths of the purchase-money, the surplus profits are divided between the Company and the Government, in the proportion of one-fifth and four-fifths to each respectively. Major Baring tells us that under this arrangement it is estimated that the line will have yielded by the end of 1882-83—that is, in 3½ years—a net profit to the Government of 4,133,000*l.*, or an average of 1,272,000*l.* per annum. At the same time it is believed that the Company are now earning nearly 7 per cent. on their working capital. The adoption of a similar principle for other lines would combine the advantages of a large field for the employment of private enterprise and the retention by the State of a fair share of the profits. By what seems an inexcusable blunder, the Duke of Argyll, when Secretary of State in 1870, deferred his power of purchase of three important guaranteed railways for the next twenty-five years. It is estimated that this blunder involved a loss of several millions sterling to the Government of India. It seems impossible that such a mistake should be repeated.

We have spoken of the restrictions placed on the Government of India in respect of their borrowing for productive works. Such restrictions, instead of being arbitrarily imposed on the capital to be borrowed, should have reference solely to the interest charge which the borrowing will entail. So long as this charge is within that which can fairly be borne by the revenue, it is a matter of slight importance how great the capital debt may be. If the profits of the works cover the interest, the operation is equivalent to borrowing money without interest, and presenting the country not only with works which must produce enormous indirect benefits, but with any surplus profits which may accrue in excess of the interest and working charges. If we are to trust to private enterprise alone for the development of railways in India, and even if a limited guarantee of interest be conceded, it is certain that only those lines will be constructed which are likely to be directly profitable. The country, however, requires many lines which cannot, at any rate for some time, be estimated to yield a sufficient direct profit to attract private enterprise. These the Government will have to construct, or they will not be constructed at all. Thus the paying lines will yield their profits to foreigners, while the non-paying lines will throw their losses on the Indian taxpayer. Hitherto it has been by setting the losses of some lines against the profits of others that the present position has been arrived at, in which it is estimated that the whole of the railways will have yielded to the Government in 1881-82 a net revenue of 723,000*l.* It is only by continuing to retain an interest in the profitable lines, as well as the unprofitable, that the Government can avoid financial loss, while the country is properly provided with railways; and this cannot be if private enterprise is to have its pick of the undertakings.

AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

A DESCRIPTION of English life in town and country, written forty years ago by a cultivated American gentleman who was an honoured guest in England, has in these days a considerable interest, which is perhaps increased by the fact stated in the preface to Henry Colman's *European Life and Manners*, published in 1849, that the Letters of which the book is made up were not originally intended for publication. In the same preface the author exhibited a right feeling which it could be wished were more common amongst authors nowadays. "The greatest difficulty," he wrote, "in the publication of these Letters has been that they might be deemed too personal; and my anxiety has been lest they should be thought to approach a violation of private confidence. I know few things that could give me more pain than to be justly obnoxious to such a charge. I hope it will not in any degree be found so." In accordance with this feeling the author at first resolved not to publish a single name, but he found this an idle attempt, as "individuals would be traced by circumstances as certainly as if distinctly announced." He goes on, however, to say, "I have reported no conversations, and passed no free opinions, upon any persons or characters except public characters, and upon these only in their public relations and acts; and though in speaking of private individuals I have spoken in the language of respect or praise, I can only say that the terms are most general; I had constantly to restrain the grateful utterance of my convictions, and it is not a tithe of the eulogy which I might have honestly pronounced." Further, Mr. Colman was careful to state that all the particulars published as to the style of living in the houses at which he was a guest had been placed in his hands "with a full

and expressed liberty to use them as I pleased. . . . I know my English friends will smile at the simplicity with which I have detailed some small matters; but they must live in a condition and organization of society totally different from their own in order to understand the interest which is taken on this side of the water in these minute details."

As to Mr. Colman's more general views, and especially as to his first impressions of London, people who are compelled or who choose to stay in town at this time of year may get some gratification from being reminded by the American traveller of the magnificent nature of their abiding-place. Having described some of the narrow City streets, he goes on to speak of London's "broad and magnificent passages, of a width a third greater than Broadway in New York in its widest parts, running for miles with stores and shops of almost unimaginable splendour, and in their richness and magnificence realizing the brightest fictions of poetry." As to the extent of London, the author found it impossible to communicate any idea of it to those who had not seen it for themselves. He had gone eighteen miles, from Brentford to Stratford, through an uninterrupted succession of thickly-planted houses. He had walked until he had to sit down on a doorstep out of pure weariness, and yet had not got at all out of the moving tide of population. He rode on the driver's seat on omnibuses, and was astonished at the constant succession of squares, parks, terraces, and long lines of single houses for miles, and continuous blocks and single palaces in the very heart of London, occupying acres of ground. This, he added, was the impression produced, without taking into account the large parks,

which for their trees, their verdure, their neatness, their embellishments, their lakes and cascades, their waters swarming with fish, and covered with a great variety of water-fowl which they have been able to domesticate, and their grazing flocks of sheep and cattle, and their national monuments, and the multitudes of well-dressed pedestrians, and of elegantly-mounted horsemen and horsewomen, and of carriages and equipages as splendid as gold and silver can make them, are beautiful beyond even my most romantic dreams. I do not exaggerate; I cannot go beyond the reality.

The same impression is more than once repeated in different words, the inference of course being that the writer was in correspondence with several friends, and preferred to leave the Letters as they were rather than go to work to make a set book of them—a preference which is perhaps justified by the air of spontaneity thus retained. One point, as in contrast to the magnificence above referred to, he touches upon in a passage which speaks of "the most melancholy sight in London and Liverpool," and it is to be feared that if Mr. Colman could return to London now he would find that but little had been done towards removing this disgrace to certain of our streets at night-time. In a passage following not long after this, he writes:—

Tell — I have little chance of obtaining for her a King Charles poodle. The lady of —, who had a well-educated one, told me the price was thirty guineas; and it had no doubt been stolen from her, a very common trick, by the man who sold it to her, and she had to pay him eight guineas more for finding it.

Before leaving London to pay some visits at great houses, the writer described how he was struck by "the neatness of the better class of women," most of whom wore white cotton stockings "without those dirty pantalettes which you see hobbling about the ankles of our women"; while they had too much good sense to let their clothes drizzle in the mud under an affected modesty. "I wish our ladies at home could take some lessons from them." Another thing he admired was their wearing, when walking, pattens or thick-soled shoes as thick as cork shoes, or else goloshes. "India-rubbers are not seen." What is the difference between goloshes and India-rubbers? He was further pleased at finding that

they seldom wear false curls; but women whose hair is grey wear it grey, and seem to take as much pains with, and as much pride in their silver locks as the younger ones do in their auburn tresses. . . . Manners are certainly much more a study than with us; and upon the whole make society much more agreeable; for they are not put on for the occasion, but grow up with them as matter of course. Everything in society proceeds much more quietly than with us.

Of the country houses to which he was invited Mr. Colman had, as he warned readers in his preface, a good deal to say as to matters of detail, but in one letter he gives a kind of general summary of his experiences, and some of the impressions given in this may be referred to:—

In a Scotch family you are expected to shake hands on retiring with all the party, and on meeting in the morning. The English are a little more reserved, though, in general, the master of the house shakes hands with you. . . . In the morning you come down in undress, with boots, trousers of any colour, frock-coat, &c. At dinner you are always expected to be in full dress; straight coat, black satin or white waistcoat, silk stockings and pumps, but not gloves. . . . The gentleman is expected to sit near the lady whom he hands in.

After dessert there

is put upon the table a small bottle of Constantia wine, which is deemed very precious, and handed round in small wine glasses, or Noyeau, or some other cordial. . . . No cigars or pipes are ever offered, and soon after the removal of the cloth the ladies retire to the drawing-room, the gentlemen close up at the table, and, after sitting as long as you please, you go into the drawing-room to have coffee and then tea. The wines at table are generally of the most expensive quality; port, sherry, claret, seldom madeira; but I have never heard any discussion about the character of the wine, excepting that I have been repeatedly asked what wine we usually drank in America.

In a foot-note the writer states that during his long residence in England, even in the freest conversation in parties of gentlemen, he never heard an obscene story or indecent allusion, "nor even,"

he adds, using a vile mongrel phrase which custom has made current—"a double entendre." Shortly after the date of this letter Mr. Colman was fortunate enough to be present at the Queen's visit to Cambridge on the occasion of the degree of LL.D. being conferred on the Prince Consort; and in reference to this, after dwelling on the blessing to her subjects of the Queen's "exemplary and beautiful character," he makes the quaint statement that "This is remarkable, for some of their monarchs have been a disgrace to human nature, and their celebrated Queen Elizabeth was an odious character." On a second visit to Cambridge, the writer attended the University Sermon, and found the preaching "almost the best that I have heard in England. It was a highly devout, practical, and useful sermon, and written with great elegance, delivered in a simple, earnest, and unaffected manner." In the afternoon he went to chapel, first at King's and afterwards to the organ-loft at Trinity, where there was "a very grand display. The room is not elegant; it is a good deal larger than King's Chapel in Boston, with seats running lengthwise, and rising from the centre aisle. The room was lighted by about two hundred wax candles, and the whole assembly below were dressed in white surplices with their black square caps in their hands. . . . I have never witnessed a sight so splendid and august." Further on he states that "no student is allowed to go without his University dress, at any time, out of his own room"—a vexation which Cambridge men may be heartily glad to have got rid of.

On his return to London towards the end of 1843 Mr. Colman found himself for a time comparatively solitary, and took occasion to walk about and investigate the condition of the streets of all kinds, in which, much to his surprise, he seldom saw a quarrel. He saw carriages, again and again, by hundreds, passing each other in the narrowest passages, often hindered when they were most anxious to get on, and yet (this is surprising enough) he saw no passion displayed and heard no harsh language uttered. He had, he wrote, heard more profane swearing in one hour among the boatmen on the New York Canal than he heard altogether during his seven months' residence in England. At the beginning of 1844 the traveller took to going out to evening parties, when he observed that elderly ladies wore their gowns very low in front, while young ladies wore them rather high in front but very low behind. Short kid mittens or gloves were worn up to the wrist; then the arm was bare to the elbow, with short sleeves, and a good deal of lace round the elbows and bosom. The gowns were worn very long, with white kid shoes. Society, in its political aspects, was in a peculiar condition, calculated to cause anxiety:—

It is quite plain to me that the Government is at present maintained mainly by military force. The disturbances in Ireland, the divisions in the Church in Scotland, the condition of the poor throughout the country, the agitation on the subject of the Corn-laws, the movements of the High Church party, the Pusey controversy, the hatred of the Established Church not uncommon amongst Dissenters—all these things seemed to make a jumble of noxious elements.

The reputation of America was at a very low ebb, and Mr. Colman could scarcely go into any company without being obliged to do battle for his country. "The mere suggestion of repudiation, which, I believe, has never been contemplated by any but the State of Mississippi, has done us an immense injury." The tone of the American papers the writer found to be in many respects inexcusable, and especially in their efforts to kindle a war spirit:—

America seems really to be cursed with some selfish, mean politicians, who, to gross ignorance and entire recklessness of moral principle, add only views of the most narrow and sordid character, and are incapable of acting upon any large and comprehensive principles of right and justice, and of regarding with a single eye the great interests of humanity.

As to the Irish agitation it seemed portentous of destruction and outrage, but the Government had no serious apprehensions:—

The refractory child will cry itself to sleep. I have no confidence in the patriotism of O'Connell. With him it seems a mere matter of religious bigotry and personal emolument. . . . Nothing has surprised me more than to learn from one of the late American papers that Governor S— has recently made a speech at one of the repeal meetings. What can he have to do with Irish politics?

With but slight changes beyond those of names much of this would not seem out of date nowadays. Of the theatres Mr. Colman had little to say except as to the ballets at the Opera House, which he found got up in a style of surpassing magnificence and splendour. "The music is of the most *recherché* description, and the dancing as elastic and sylph-like as can be imagined. I cannot speak of it with unqualified approval. Within certain limits it presents all the charms of the most wonderful cultivation and grace; but beyond certain limits, the passing of which every modest mind at once recognizes, it becomes offensive and immoral." He went on, however, to admit with his usual fairness that every allowance must be made for the effect of habit and established customs, and with this admission we may for the present take leave of our ingenious and ingenious writer.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THERE is a good deal of speculation in the City just now as to the probable future course of the money market. The reserve of the Bank of England is unsatisfactorily low at the beginning of the autumn, and it shows no tendency to increase rapidly. On the contrary, between the end of June and the

middle of August it decreased nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and though since the middle of August there has been a slight increase of about 400,000*l.*, it is in a form that gives little satisfaction. It has been brought about, in fact, by a diminution in the note circulation of the Bank, not by an increase in the amount of gold held. The gold has steadily decreased for some considerable time past, and although the Bank rate has been raised to 4 per cent., the most that can be said is that there are signs of a tendency to the coming in of gold from abroad. Between now and the middle of November experience teaches us to expect a decrease in the reserve of $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 millions, which would bring it down to 9, or at the outside $9\frac{1}{2}$ millions—an amount that is considered quite insufficient, because it leaves no margin to guard against accidents. Fortunately there is nothing to lead us to anticipate such a panic as occurred on the Paris Bourse last January, nor is there any great inflation in the New York stock markets. Still accidents may occur at any moment, in the most unforeseen way, and the Bank of England should always be strong enough to meet whatever accidents may happen. In all highly developed communities there is a movement during the autumn of currency from the monetary centres to the provinces, and this movement is strongly marked here at home, and is very regular in its recurrence. Beginning some time in July, there is a steady flow of coin from London to the country, which continues until the middle of November, when a reflux sets in. The outflow of notes is less regular, there being frequent fluctuations in the movement; but still the general tendency is that both gold and notes flow out from the Bank during the autumn, and that the reserve falls to its lowest point about the middle of November. This movement is caused partly by the harvest requirements—by what the Americans call "the moving of the crops"—the cutting and getting in, that is, of the crops of all kinds, and the bringing them to market; and partly by the selling off of fat cattle, and the restocking of pasture lands for the coming winter. The movement appears to be somewhat earlier in England than in Ireland or Scotland; it is somewhat earlier, also, in Ireland than in Scotland; and in Scotland it reaches its maximum about the middle of November. After that gold begins to flow back from the country to London, and the money market becomes easier. This year the crops are large, and if the weather of September is favourable, there will be great activity in all the agricultural districts, and consequently a more than usual demand for money to pay the harvest labourers. If, moreover, the harvest turns out well, the farmers will be better able than of late to cultivate and restock their lands; and to do this they will also require more funds than for the last few years. And, lastly, the greater prosperity of the farmers will give a new impetus to trade, and thus add to the demand for currency. Already there is a distinct improvement in trade generally. Trade circulars, market reports, and all the other evidences that come before us, go to show that trade is improving. And with trade improvement there will be more people employed at higher wages, and consequently more money required to pay away in wages. For all these reasons it is probable that the outflow of coin and notes from London to the country will be greater than usual. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that the war in Egypt will require the export of a certain amount of gold for the payment of the troops, and for other necessary expenses. The amount to be exported will not be very large—we believe it is estimated at about 150,000*l.* per month. But it will tend to diminish the reserve of the Bank of England; and, should any accident occur, there will be a drain from the Bank of England for other purposes which would still further affect the money market.

The causes we have been referring to have already affected the market. A couple of weeks ago the Bank of England found itself under the necessity of raising its rate of discount to 4 per cent., and the market rate has fairly followed the Bank movement. The rise in the Bank rate has not operated as was expected, for it has brought as yet little gold into the Bank; but it has stopped the export of gold, which was becoming serious, and it has also turned the foreign exchanges more in our favour. It is the general opinion in the City that the rise to 4 per cent. will not be found sufficient, and that next month perhaps the Bank will be under the necessity of again advancing its rate—possibly to 5 per cent. There is much to be said in favour of this opinion. As we have seen, the Bank reserve already is very low, and it will certainly be reduced considerably in the course of the next two months; while there is no appearance, as yet at least, of any large accession of strength from any quarter. There is one other point, too, which is deserving of some notice. It is that the demands of Italy for gold are not yet quite satisfied. It is understood, indeed, that the Italian loan contractors have a discretion as to the time of supplying the gold which they still have to furnish; and, if so, we may be sure that they will do nothing to disturb the London market. Still the fact remains that they have yet to send to Rome 2 or 3 millions, we believe; and even though the sending of this sum may be postponed, the knowledge that the obligation is impending will have its effect upon the market. But while it seems certain that the present value of money will be maintained, and it is not improbable that even a further rise in the Bank rate may become necessary, it does not seem at all likely that money will be dear during the autumn. In the first place, the rate of discount of the Bank of England is already higher than the rate in Paris, which of all European cities is the only one likely to draw upon London for large amounts of gold. The official Bank rate in Paris is only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and

there is every reason to believe that it will not be raised. The Bank of France now holds over 40 millions sterling in gold, which is not far short of twice the amount held by the Bank of England, and is more than 15 millions sterling larger than the amount held by the Bank of France itself twelve months ago. The Bank of France, it is safe to assume, will not need to replenish its stock of gold during the autumn; and it is reasonable to believe that it could afford to spare a very considerable sum did we really require it. As usually happens after monetary crises, gold has been accumulating in Paris ever since January, and, to use the market phrase, money there is a "drug"; in other words, capitalists are unable to obtain for their money the interest to which they have lately been accustomed. If, therefore, there should be any scarcity of money in London, it is reasonable to assume that the Paris capitalists would transfer to this market large amounts, and that therefore anything like really dear money would be avoided.

Another reason for doubting whether money will be dear this autumn is that there is no probability of a drain of gold to the United States. For the past three autumns immense sums in gold have been drawn by New York from London, Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam. Now the currency requirements of the United States seem to be satisfied, and, indeed, New York appears to be in a position to part with some of the gold it has taken from Europe. It has already sent considerable sums to Rome, and small amounts continue to be sent thither. Moreover, it would seem that the business community of New York owes very large sums to the capitalists of London; and the London capitalists, if need be, can compel their American debtors to pay them in gold. Of course the London capitalists will not do so, unless it is more profitable to demand gold than to take payment in any other form. But, if money were to become scarce and dear in London, they would no doubt withdraw gold from New York, and would thus put an end to the stringency in London. If they were to take this course, the probability is that they would cause a stringency in New York; for in the United States there is a similar outflow of coin and notes from New York to the interior to that which takes place every autumn with ourselves; and the reserve in New York consequently runs down very low somewhat earlier than the reserve of the Bank of England runs down here at home. With this movement aggravated by a drain of gold to Europe, money would become very dear in New York. It is not likely, therefore, that gold will be withdrawn from New York unless there is a real necessity for it. But, on the other hand, it is reasonably certain that gold will not be withdrawn from Europe for New York, and therefore the scarcity in London will not be aggravated as it has been in the past three autumns. It is possible that New York may be able to repay, in part at least, its debt to London by ordering gold to be sent from either Paris or Berlin. It is said—we know not whether truly—that while New York is so largely indebted to London, it has the means of drawing upon both Paris and Berlin; and in this way, indirectly, gold may be sent from the Continent to England and may keep down the value of money here. For every reason, then, it seems on the whole likely that money will not become dear in London, although its value may rise somewhat above its present level.

YACHTING.

UP to the time of the Solent regattas this year there was still what may be thought in these days a respectable little racing squadron. Four first-class yachts—the *Vanduaara*, *Erycina*, *Samana*, and *Miranda*—contended in Bangor Lough and off Kingstown Harbour, and if this number be thought small it must be remembered that these are the four best vessels which the skill of English craftsmen has hitherto been able to produce. After the Kingstown matches, the *Vanduaara*, which had never during the season met with the weather that best brings out her rare qualities, retired to northern waters; but the *Lorna*, which had not gone to the Clyde or Dublin Bay, joined the racing yachts in Plymouth Sound. In the Plymouth matches the *Samana* and *Erycina* were the conquerors, the latter winning the Queen's Cup which was this year given to the Royal Western Yacht Club, and thus gaining the remarkable triumph of taking two of these trophies in her first season. In the Solent, the racing began with the match which, owing to the hospitable arrangement of the Royal Yacht Squadron, who stand alone amongst yacht clubs in always keeping a Queen's Cup to themselves, is confined to yachts that fly the white ensign. Usually the result of this regulation is to make the race an absurd contest, only fit to amuse the occupants of excursion steamers; but this year some interest attached to it, as amongst the estimable cruisers which slowly manoeuvred off Cowes a real modern racer appeared. The *Slouthound*, which commonly has the bad fortune to be opposed to the one yacht which is sure to beat her, came down to do battle with yachts which she was almost sure to beat; and, after sailing a very brilliant race, was an easy winner, heading everything except the *Waterwitch*, and having plenty of time to spare to her. On the day following this race the most important of the Squadron matches, that for schooners round the Isle of Wight, was sailed, and this time there was no small excitement about it, as it was thought that the result of the contest might show that there was one schooner which could beat that extra-

ordinary little vessel the *Miranda*. In 1880 this yacht was defeated by the *Waterwitch* in the race round the island, but she lost a good deal by the course she took; and, though the victory was undoubtedly a great triumph for Mr. Baring's handsome schooner, it was not thought to settle decisively the question which was the better vessel. This year a more conclusive result was hoped for, and, with a fine sailing breeze, ought to have been obtained; but, funnily enough, the end of the race left things still uncertain. The *Miranda* was well within her time of the *Waterwitch*, and was the winner; but then the *Waterwitch* headed her; and when the *Miranda* sails against vessels of her own rig she is usually expected to come in first. It was supposed, then, by some yachtsmen that the champion schooner had at last found, if not a conqueror, at all events a rival; but, on the other hand, some of those who witnessed the race thought that the *Miranda's* sails were not set as they generally are, and that she was not sailing in her usual style. What happened a few days afterwards showed that they were more in the right than the enthusiasts who rather prematurely claimed the schooner race as having been really a victory for the vessel which did not win, and settled beyond all possibility of doubt the question of superiority between the two vessels. The last of the Squadron matches was a race from Cowes round the Shambles lightship and back for a 100l. cup, presented by the Prince of Wales. For this prize the *Erycina*, *Waterwitch*, and *Miranda* contended, and over a course not much under ninety miles in length the smaller vessel beat the larger one thoroughly on every point of sailing, and, covering the long distance in a remarkably short time, showed that she is well entitled to the position she holds, and that it was absurd to suppose the *Waterwitch* her equal. While the *Miranda*, which, as time is counted now, must be considered an old racing yacht, was thus covering herself with glory, the youngest of the racing fleet was also doing exceedingly well. That very handsome cutter, the *Erycina*, had not—albeit she had taken a Queen's Cup—been very fortunate before she went to Plymouth. There, as has been said above, she took a second of these valued prizes, and when she came to the Solent it was apparent that her trim had been found at last, and that she was likely to be a dangerous antagonist to any yacht afloat. In the cutter and yawl match of the Royal Yacht Squadron she beat the *Samana* to windward, a very difficult feat, and, getting well ahead of everything, nearly saved her time off the *Slouthound*, no small achievement in these days when forties sometimes lead the larger vessels. In the race for the Cowes Town Cup, the *Erycina* was again first at the finish, though this time, with a very light wind, the *Anasona* was near her. Most unfortunately this was the *Erycina's* last race, as, just when she was beginning to show her real sailing powers, and to prove that, like most handsome vessels, she is also a very good vessel, she was withdrawn from competition, and sailed for the North, much to the regret of those who hoped to see the season close with a series of exciting struggles between this splendid Clyde cutter and the *Samana* and *Miranda*.

Respecting the Ryde matches there is not much to be said. In the race for the Town Cup the *Anasona*, somewhat better sailed in an uncertain wind than the *Samana*, came in ahead of her. In the race round the island for Lord Exeter's Cup this terrible forty did not take part, and the prize was won by the *Silver Star*, which, however, was very closely pressed by the *Slouthound*. Three days after this race the Royal London Yacht Club match for first-class yachts of all rigs was sailed, and was won by the indomitable *Miranda*, which took her time with ease off the *Samana*, having reached and run up to her in wonderful fashion, after the cutter had gained a considerable advantage by going inside that buoy to which the authorities, blending the Italian and Spanish languages, have given the name of Princessa. On the first day of the Royal Albert Yacht Club matches, when the Albert Cup was to have been sailed for, there was a lamentable failure. A strong breeze was blowing, and when the time for starting came only two yachts, the *Miranda* and *Anasona*, were ready to cross the line; and, as the conditions laid down by the Committee contained that tiresome proviso which requires three to start, no race took place. On the next day, with a light wind, victory was an absolute certainty for the *Anasona*, which, however, was shortly afterwards able to show that it is not only in light breezes that she can compete with larger vessels. The Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club offered a prize of 100l. for a race from Cowes to Weymouth, and a second prize of 25l. was offered by the Vice-Commodore. Five vessels, the *Fiona*, *Lorna*, *Anasona*, *Neptune*, and *Silver Star*, started, and after gaining a lead in the Solent, the *Anasona* was, wonderful to say, able to keep it in the Channel, where there was a fair breeze and some sea, and she came in nearly six minutes ahead of the *Lorna*, thus fairly eclipsing even her own previous performances, and giving a heavy blow to established views respecting the effect of size on relative speed. Two days afterwards the *Anasona* was much more severely tried in Weymouth Bay, when, in the second round of the race for the Dorset Yacht Club prize, the *Miranda* with a freshening wind left her far astern; but though the schooner went at a wonderful pace, there was not, after the wind freshened, enough of the course left for her to be able to save her time, and the forty-tonner was again the winner. The other race sailed at Weymouth was, although there were but two competitors, one of the prettiest of the season. The *Miranda* and *Lorna* contended, and from start to finish the struggle was a singularly close one. Twice the *Miranda* headed the *Lorna*, and twice the

Lorna wrested the lead from her. In the last round the schooner again came to the front, and, with more wind and sea than there had been before, the yawl was unable to catch her, although she sailed a very fine race, and finished close to the invincible *Wivenhoe* craft.

This spirited fight was followed by a dreary interval of waiting, as the heavy gale which came over, in due conformity with American predictions, kept the yachts close prisoners in Portland Roads. Before it had sunk enough for them to be able to beat out to the westward, the *Samana* sailed for Southampton, giving up racing for the season. Her performances this year have certainly fallen far short of what she did last year, but then, as we pointed out at the beginning of the season, she had last year great good luck. This year, on the contrary, she has had some ill fortune; and, just as she has been over-rated, she will now probably be underrated, and her doubtful behaviour in a breeze insisted on, while her fine performance in light breezes and smooth water is overlooked. Her withdrawal at Portland left only the *Miranda* and *Lorna* to represent first-class yachts at Torquay, where, according to custom, the last races of the season took place. On the first day, the *Miranda* achieved one of the most remarkable victories she has gained this year, as not only did she reach faster than the *Lorna*, which was to be expected, but she went to windward better, leaving the yawl far to leeward in the last beat, when there was a good breeze. Next day, as was not unnatural, the schooner had the race all to herself. It was blowing so hard that the Eastern mark-boat could not be moored, and the committee very wisely sent the yachts round the Ore Stone. The *Annasona* and *Miranda* started, but, with a strong reaching wind, the schooner rapidly left the cutter, and the latter soon gave up, whereupon the *Miranda* sailed over for the prize. This brought her total number of winning flags up to twenty-five, which, after anchoring, she duly hoisted, the *Annasona* hoisting twenty-nine. It is much to be regretted that there were not more racing craft to contend in Torquay Bay; but nevertheless the closing of the season was not altogether inappropriate. The *Annasona* and *Miranda* had begun by doing better than the other vessels, and at the regattas all over the coast had continued to do better. When the time for the last matches came they had fairly frightened all other vessels away, and were left in undisputed possession of racing waters. Then on the last day, the wind being strong, the *Miranda* was the final victor. Had there been a gentle wind she could hardly have hoped to win against the wonderful *Fairlie* cutter; but, in any case, these two were the two successful yachts of the season, and the disappearance of all rivals was a fitting tribute to their merits.

Respecting the success of the *Miranda* there is nothing to be said except that it shows that such alterations as have been made in her have been very judicious, and that she is now, in her sixth season, better even than she has ever been before. With regard to the *Annasona* the case is different, as her twenty-nine flags, besides showing what a marvellous vessel she is, suggest one thing which yachting authorities will have to ponder over. Putting aside the races in which she has come in first, it seems perfectly clear from her victories, and from those of the other forties, that in ordinary weather, and over the present yachting courses, the larger vessels cannot give what are called the second-class yachts their time. If it blows half a gale of wind they can do it. If courses were from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles long, they might be able to do it; but as things are now, they cannot allow from nineteen to twenty-three minutes. If, therefore, the large yachts are to find the forties against them in all matches, or in the majority of matches, they will very soon be driven out of racing waters, as men will not continue to sail their vessels in races where ignominious defeat is, in nine cases out of ten, certain. It will be a matter for great regret to all who are interested in yachting if the large racing craft disappear; and it is much to be hoped, therefore, that some means may be found to prevent the forties from rendering racing life unbearable to their bigger sisters. To alter the time allowance seems at present out of the question. A change in this should only be made after very full discussion and consideration, and any arbitrary measure would be sure to provoke much ill feeling and no small amount of angry recrimination. The only feasible measure appears to be to confine the forties to their own class and not to allow them to take part in the first-class matches. This would not be in the least unfair, as there are now matches enough for forty-ton vessels to satisfy the most ardent lover of yacht-racing. It certainly does seem hard on the owners of large yachts that, when the forties have a race of their own at every regatta, they should come in with their heavy time allowance and spoil the racing of vessels of a different type. Unless these are to disappear altogether it is clear that some kind of restriction must be enforced, and we trust therefore that Club Committees will be willing to look ahead a little, and not to give up everything to a blind desire to see a number of vessels start in their next match; that they will see their way to consigning the forty-ton yachts to their own proper sphere, instead of asking the large racing yachts to give them over the present courses a third of an hour, a feat which neither the *Samana* nor *Erycina*, nor any other vessel of their kind that may be built, is in the least likely to be able to perform.

REVIEWS.

LESLIE STEPHEN'S ETHICS.*

(First Notice.)

SOME years ago Mr. Leslie Stephen showed in his *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* how complete a mastery he had acquired of the English literature of ethical controversy, a department in which English philosophical literature is peculiarly rich. The historical criticism was excellent, but it seemed as if something more than criticism ought to be the result of such thoroughgoing study. Mr. Stephen has not disappointed the expectations which were then raised. He has produced a solid and powerful work of his own construction, differing altogether in form from what he has previously done, but making at the same time a fitting sequel to it. Of personal and particular criticism there is here absolutely none. Each argument and objection is left to stand on its intrinsic merits; nothing is enhanced by its author's weight, disparaged by his obscurity, or rejected for being inconsistent with something he may have said elsewhere. This impersonal mode of conducting the matter has its drawbacks. It certainly increases the strain on the reader's attention, and it deprives the writer of many opportunities for ornament. We think, however, that Mr. Stephen is right. The separate discussion of this and that author's opinion almost inevitably leads into arguments *ad hominem* to the prejudice of the main inquiry. For this and other reasons Mr. Sidgwick eschewed such discussion even in a work mainly critical, and Mr. Stephen, undertaking as he does a constructive exposition, has still better cause for doing the like.

The purpose of this book is in part shown by its title, and becomes more apparent by contrast when we observe what Mr. Stephen has not done. He has deliberately left himself open to one kind of fundamental criticism—that of the philosophers who deny the possibility of having any system of ethics till you are provided with a system of metaphysics. Mr. Stephen leaves metaphysics in the strict sense almost entirely on one side, and endeavours to show by example that a rational and fairly sufficient ethical doctrine may be formed without prejudice to ultimate philosophical questions, without reliance on any particular solution of them, and indeed without deciding whether they are soluble or not. Our opinion is that he has succeeded. He makes, indeed, one leading assumption throughout his work, which people are free to deny in terms if they like. But, in Mr. Stephen's view and ours, the denial can only be a verbal one. The postulate is that morality is essentially an affair of society. Moral rules are for the government of man as a social being, and assume the existence and maintenance of society no less than civil or positive laws assume the existence and maintenance of an organized polity with courts and officers of justice. Both the moral and the civil law presuppose that life, being there, is worth making the best of, and aim at securing within their respective spheres the best life possible under the given conditions. Did a man exist who could or would wholly renounce his relations to society, we could only say with Aristotle that he must be more or less than man. For such a being morality could have no meaning; but then there is not any such being. Mr. Stephen frankly abandons the enterprise attempted by divers philosophers of first abstracting the individual from society, and then deducing his social relations from this abstraction. Now and then he seems to us even to exaggerate the backwardness and inadequacy of scientific psychology, considered as a theory of individual motives and actions. And the discussion of the manner in which conscience and the sense of duty act on the individual man comes not first, but last, in Mr. Stephen's exposition, and then has a decidedly subordinate place.

Mr. Stephen gives the fullest and fairest warning at the outset that his object is to investigate by the ordinary methods of observation and experience the origin and functions of the moral sentiments which we find actually operative in society. The deduction of moral principles "from transcendental considerations or from pure logic, independent of any particular fact," does not in the first instance concern him. We have only one reflection of our own to add on the metaphysical aspect of ethics thus omitted, or more properly reserved, by Mr. Stephen. It appears to us uncontested that there should be, or may be, a philosophical analysis of conscious action corresponding in method and generality to the analysis of knowledge. It likewise appears to us that every moralist and psychologist, however much he confines himself to the field of positive experience, must use conceptions and propositions which really are derived from this purely analytical consideration, and that Mr. Stephen himself might with little difficulty be shown to have done so. But we entertain great doubt whether metaphysicians are entitled to assume, as they nearly all do, that such an analytical theory of action will necessarily include, or lead up to, a theory of right action, or of conduct in the moral sense. The analogy of the theory of knowledge does not seem to justify such expectation. Many attempts have been made to reduce formal logic to a branch of metaphysics, but none of them has yet met with acknowledged success; and as for attempts to extract from any metaphysical system any working test of the truth of particular propositions in concrete matter, it is

* *The Science of Ethics*. By Leslie Stephen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1882.

not too much to say that they have completely failed. In other words, we cannot get science out of the pure metaphysics of knowledge; why, then, should we expect to get morality out of the pure metaphysics of ethics? Leaving this question to be resolved by the speculative reader, let us return to the natural history of ethics as treated by Mr. Stephen.

Conduct is determined by motives, and the determining motive is a resultant of emotions. Mr. Stephen is careful to point out, with some of the best of his predecessors, that judgment or reasoning cannot affect conduct immediately, but only through the emotions it calls up. He also avoids speaking of a balance of motives or emotions, because this involves the fallacy of regarding the process as if there was one man feeling and another weighing or judging; and this is his first marked point of divergence from the old-fashioned utilitarian methods. Conduct, again, is action directed towards an end; or, rather, since there is really no action without an end, it is the name of action when we consider it as so directed. And the resultant of emotion depends not only on the external circumstances, but on the relation between them and the agent; which, again, is a function of his total susceptibilities and capacities—in other words, of his character. A thing is said to be good for a given purpose if it is designed and fitted to accomplish it, as a sharp knife for cutting. And every action which is fitted to attain the proposed end is in that sense, and to that extent, good. So, too, that character is good with respect to a particular end which is fitted to produce, and habitually does produce, the appropriate kind of action. Thus a good runner is not the man who finds himself running swiftly in some moment of singular eagerness or haste, but the man whose limbs are so trained that he can run swiftly whenever there is occasion for it; a good shot is not the man who hits the mark once, but the man whose hand and eye are so trained that, on the average, he will hit it in many shots oftener and nearer the centre than others using the same weapon. Excellence or virtue, then, is the constitution or disposition of anything whereby it is fitted for the habitual attainment of a certain end. Let the reader remember, if this language surprises him, that it is good English to speak of the virtue of a poison. Starting from this conception, we have to specify further. Man is capable, as we know by common experience, of excellence in divers kinds; as health, strength, skill in crafts or exercises, and the use of language to persuade other men or give them pleasure. There is in this general sense one virtue of a horse, another of a man, and among men one of a poet, another of a statesman, and the like. What then is the kind of excellence which we signify by moral virtue, or virtue in the eminent sense? It seems to be that which fits a man for living as a member first of society, and then of the best possible society; where by the best society we mean such a society as combines to the greatest extent possible under all the conditions the continuous maintenance of its own existence and the development, consistently with this first requisite, of every kind of excellence in its individual members. Moral excellence is pre-eminent and has claims paramount to those of other kinds, for example of artistic accomplishment, because it is the kind of excellence by which societies exist and thrive; which is as much as to say that it is the condition of other kinds being and remaining practicable.

At this point it may be said that, if the normal or ideal type of the individual is determined by the needs of the society, and the needs of the society in turn depend on the faculties of the individual, we fall into endless complications. Logically we seem to be stranded on a vicious circle; practically we are in a field of constant and inculcable mutual reactions. This kind of complex reaction, however, is just what occurs everywhere in nature, and if we were not confronted by it there would be more occasion to doubt the soundness of our method than to rejoice at the smoothness of the way. In the relations of the individual to the race lie the fascination and the difficulty of ethical problems. Perhaps we may even say that the harmony between them is preserved and developed by a series of conflicts which bring about a readjustment and elevation of the general standard. The moral rules actually current at a given time are better than the average practice and inclinations of mankind, but inadequate to the conduct and instincts of the best. In morality, as in other practical arts, rules are made after the examples formed by genius, and genius has the privilege of criticizing and improving the rules, but only on condition of having mastered them.

It would seem, then, that morality is determined for the individual by a standard of social welfare which is itself subject to change; and in that case we are left without any absolute criterion. To this it must be said that we may renounce the hope or desire for an absolute criterion in the sense of transcendental moralists, and yet not be without a guide. As regards any particular generation, the social conditions may be taken as practically constant. Moreover, the secular change in the social standard is not arbitrary or discontinuous. It proceeds in definite directions, and is the result of new social needs which are themselves produced by definite conditions. Morality, in short, is part of the organic growth of a society, and must, like all vital and organic processes in a healthy organism, combine fixity of purpose and effect with a certain flexibility of adaptation. What has been called the "margin of uncertainty" in ethical problems is the sign that morality is living. If this margin or penumbra did not exist, morality would have really become what some have erroneously thought it to be, an affair of convention.

Thus far we have expressed in our own free version the general

lines of thought on which Mr. Stephen proceeds, and which we agree with him in thinking the most profitable. Mr. Stephen's relation to the earlier utilitarianism, and his critical treatment of sundry special points, must be considered separately.

ALBERT DÜRER.*

ALTHOUGH most readers who take a sufficient interest in Albert Dürer to read Professor Thausing's two volumes would also probably possess German enough to read them in the original, the work was well worth translating. The popularity of the artist has always been great in England, and has grown rather than diminished in recent years. Mrs. Heaton had already, it is true, incorporated the chief results of Herr Thausing's labours into her own book on Dürer, but it is well to let him speak for himself in English. His biography is apparently accepted in Germany as the final work on the subject, and contains the result of long years of careful research, controlled as a rule by a serious critical faculty. The translation which Mr. Eaton has edited stands the test of reading very well. It is almost wholly free from Germanisms, and if at times it is a little oracular, that is obviously the fault of Herr Thausing, who cannot always resist the temptation to be profound. The temptation is very strong in dealing with Dürer, who often concealed an allegory in his drawings, and is even more often credited with didactic intentions of which he was probably innocent. It is only just, however, to acknowledge that Herr Thausing is very sane in the matter of interpretations. In many cases where subtle meanings have been discovered by ingenious persons, or where we have at least been told to look for them, he is contented to see only a study, or even a hashing up of an old design.

Where Herr Thausing's ingenuity has, we cannot but think, led him wrong is in his attempt to prove that Dürer was at Venice in 1494. Perhaps the fact that well nigh everything knowable about the artist was already known may have spurred his biographer on to prove this important visit. Certainly his arguments only show how easy it is to find proofs when the desire to find is very strong. Herr Thausing very frankly confesses that there is no direct evidence of any kind that the artist was in Italy at that date. At least he does so in his text, though he advances what he considers direct testimony to the fact in a note. "Cristopher Scheurl," he says, "must have known of Dürer's first stay in Venice, for in 1506 he wrote of him in the *Lib. de Laud. Germ.*, 'Qui quum nuper in Italiam rediisset,' &c. But the writer has obviously no great confidence in Scheurl, or he would scarcely have relegated what should be valuable evidence to a foot-note. He is manifestly conscious that Scheurl must be shown not to be wrong either in his facts or his Latin. The evidence is not sufficient. Above Herr Thausing plainly says, "The only proofs of Dürer's having made any stay in Venice in 1494 are to be found in his sketch-books and in his letters." Now what these proofs amount to we cannot do better than leave him to tell in his own words:—

The observation has often been made that Dürer's second sojourn in Venice, from 1505 to 1507, had, comparatively speaking, very little influence on the course of his artistic development; and the truth of this will be apparent when we come to see how slight a difference exists between the most important compositions produced before and after that period. That it should be so is surprising, but may perhaps be explained by the fact that Dürer had then already reached the full height of his development, and was himself quite conscious of having done so; and some equally good reason might be found for the unmistakable traces of Italian influence shown in the work done by him before 1506. But in a letter from Venice, of the 9th February, 1506, Dürer makes very distinct allusion to his former stay there, although the way in which he speaks of Giovanni Bellini in the same letter shows that he first made his acquaintance, or at any rate learned to appreciate him, on this second occasion. He adds:—"Though he (Bellini) is very old, he is still the best painter here; the thing (das Ding) that pleased me so well eleven years ago does so no longer, though no one would have made me believe it if I did not see it for myself." The word *Ding* is always used by Dürer in a collective sense, and means here, as in many other places, the productions, the works, of art. Now this opinion or taste, to which he refers as having altered to a degree he could not have believed had he not proved it with his own eyes, must have been originally formed by personal observation, and the lapse of time which he mentions as having occurred between the formation of this original opinion, and his becoming conscious of a change in it, agrees well enough with what has been already stated; for if Dürer was in Venice in 1494 and returned there, as it is known he did, in 1505, he would speak in general terms of the interval between forming and changing his opinion as eleven years. At any rate it is more natural to fix the time by this statement than to trust to a chance date in a letter in which, indeed, no particular accuracy is to be expected.

The counsel on the other side might safely rise at this point and remark, "That is our case, my Lud." We cannot help deciding with Mrs. Heaton in this matter, that the evidence is utterly insufficient, and in thinking with her that the general context of the letter shows that Dürer was referring to the work of Jacobo de' Barbari, with which he had become acquainted in Germany. Even if "das Ding" does mean the Venetian school of painting generally, it is no evidence that Dürer had become acquainted with it at Venice. Herr Thausing himself shows that there was a continual communication between that city and Germany. Once again in his biography the writer's ingenuity proves too much for him. With a commendable chivalry, he takes up the defence of

* *Albert Dürer: his Life and Works.* By Moritz Thausing. Translated from the German. Edited by Fred. A. Eaton, M.A. Oxon., Secretary of the Royal Academy. London: John Murray. 1882

Dürer's wife, and shows very well that there is scarcely evidence enough for the common tradition that her temper was bad. But, not knowing when to stop, he proceeds to account for the tradition with superfluous ingenuity by attributing it to Pirkheimer's anger and disappointment when she sold certain stags' antlers, formerly her husband's, and which he would have liked to secure. It was enough to show that Pirkheimer became spiteful in old age and suffering without going on to prove him a malignant fool. With all possible desire to be polite to the memory of a lady, we cannot acquit Dürer's wife of the accusation. Her defender himself has to bring serious evidence against her. Any impartial person who will look at her portrait, drawn by her husband in 1521, will agree, we think, that it is the face of a shrew and a scold. It is to be found in the second volume, on page 203.

But apart from these blemishes—not, after all, of much importance—Herr Thausing's biography of the artist is not unworthy to be the final and exhaustive account of a great man's life. He gives a sufficient account of his surroundings as a citizen of Nuremberg and a German artist. The second chapter, appropriately headed by Dürer's own words, "For the deep love and affection that I have borne to that venerable city, my fatherland," gives a short and sufficient account of the Imperial city. It is noteworthy that the greatest of German artists was born in the most aristocratic of German cities. Nuremberg was governed by a patriciate as exclusive as that of Venice and more liberal. The noble family which ruled the city seem to have acted consistently on the principle of doing everything for the people and nothing by them. His own genius inspired Dürer, but he owed something to the wise liberality of the city government, which left its artists free from the trammels of a guild. When in later life the artist refused tempting offers of pensions from foreign cities and princes, he was perhaps not influenced by love of country alone. He knew that in Nuremberg only would he be quite free to carry out his own ideas. In the account of the Dürer family, as given in these volumes, Herr Thausing seems to take it for granted that they were of German origin, though settled in Hungary. Later researches have, it is said, made it at least probable that the race was Hungarian; but, until it can be distinctly shown that it was so, the Fatherland is well entitled to claim them. Dürer's portrait is that of a man of pure German race. In an account of the artist's early life the biographer gives a considerable proof of his freedom from the disease of excessive admiration, for during a great part of the first volume he is mainly occupied by showing how much Dürer owed to Michel Wolgemut, and for how long he was content to follow the older master, and even be a mere copyist of his works. To a great extent any account of the artist's early work must be made up of guesses. The lax German habit of the time which allowed artists to copy the designs of other men and put their own signatures, and the custom of working altogether in a studio—which, of course, was not confined to Germany—make it nearly impossible to decide what is the work of any particular man. As we have already pointed out, Herr Thausing has been pleased to add a further element of confusion to Dürer's early history by persisting in taking it for granted that the Venetian visit of 1494 is proved. His life increases in interest as it advances. The account of his connexion with the Emperor Maximilian is worth reading for the illustration it gives of what princely patronage of art generally means. The artist is left to find his reward in the honour of working for so great a man, and Dürer's patron was one of the worst of the class. The Emperor Maximilian's "comprehensive intellect" may have seen "far beyond the horizon of the century in which he lived," as Mrs. Heaton tells us; but unhappily, while looking so far ahead, he commonly fell into the ditch at his feet. To Dürer he behaved as he did to his allies in politics. He was lavish of fine promises and ingenious suggestions, and only failed when something had to be done. After employing the artist on a work which employed years of his time, he tried to pay him out of somebody else's money. Dürer did, however, get a trifling and irregularly-paid pension.

That the artist played an honourable part among the men who prepared the Reformation is well known, and Herr Thausing has very properly devoted a chapter to his connexion with that great movement. We say "prepared the Reformation," because we do not think that his biographer by any means proves his contention that Dürer went with the movement when its real character became clear. He had a patriotic German's dislike to Rome and a Humanist's hatred of the monks; but, as far as the facts can be known, it would appear that, like all the party whose real chief was Erasmus, he was frightened and driven back by the excesses of the Anabaptists. The name of Erasmus suggests some remarks on the way in which that very brilliant man is spoken of in this work. Herr Thausing indulges in a great deal of cheap stoicism in his way of speaking of the chief of the Humanists. He thinks that he was small, that mere cowardice prevented him from following Luther. It never seems to suggest itself to Herr Thausing that, if Erasmus did not accompany Luther, it was because he did not agree with him. Erasmus was, we believe, mistaken in thinking that the reforms he wished to see effected could be brought about without a great revolution; but that was an error of judgment for which a man who did his time so much good service is not to be treated with contempt. He and Dürer were out of place in the midst of a great social convulsion, as a man of letters and an artist must necessarily be. It is a very meagre kind of criticism which cannot pardon the author of the

Stultitie Laus because he was not a Franz von Sickingen. Herr Thausing is perhaps moved to anger with Erasmus because the old scholar wrote of Dürer's death in what seems a somewhat frigid tone when compared to Pirkheimer's. He might have remembered that the weary and almost broken-hearted old scholar was not likely to write in the tone of the man who had been Dürer's dearest friend from boyhood. We have said nothing of Herr Thausing's descriptions of Dürer's work, not because we have any fault to find with them as descriptions, but because we believe that of all forms of literature, writing about pictures and about them is the most entirely unsatisfactory. All such attempts to make words do the work of form and colour are destined to failure from the beginning. With the artist as with other heroes of biography the actions and the character are all the writer can succeed in putting before us. And Herr Thausing has achieved a fair measure of success. His work is not brilliant at all as a work of letters, but it is, in spite of certain faults, a piece of solid workmanship.

THE ENGLISH CITIZEN.*

THAT books lose half their interest if they are merely considered in themselves without reference to the history and peculiarities of their kind is a sufficiently obvious truism. But it is a truth as well as a truism, and it is remarkably illustrated by Mr. Jevons's volume. Since the appearance of his book, its author has met with a sudden and terrible death; but the best mark of respect to his memory is to let this review appear exactly as it was written before that event. If it were possible, let anybody conceive a treatise on the State in relation to labour written four or five hundred years ago. It would have contained to our present apprehension many terrible heresies, and it would beyond all doubt have been distinguished by a remarkable indifference to observation and to the teachings of fact. But, if it had been written by a person at all equal in position, as regards the thought of his own times, to Mr. Jevons as regards the thought of the present, its general passages of argument—its preamble, so to say—would have been, if not logically impeccable, at any rate able to hold their own on that score something more than fairly. Professor Jevons's book presents a curiously contradictory spectacle to this. As soon as he prevails with himself to plunge into the particular, he is distinguished by accuracy in fact, by the display of much common sense in reference to individual cases, and by a commendable freedom from prejudice in favour of either or any of the usual political parties and partisan views of the day. But in the general remarks which he has prefixed to the book he shows himself—author of logical handbooks as he is—all at sea. As any reader who has been accustomed to bring arguments to book reads these pages, the thought must occur to him that the syllogism is rapidly becoming a lost secret, and that, unless some great change happens, Barbara will become a widow shortly.

A suspicion of the evil thing comes upon the reader when he sees at page 2 or 3 the word "metaphysical" used in a deprecatory sense. The hay is on the horn of persons who condescend to this use, which simply signifies that the user, having understood that metaphysics imply logic, thinks himself freed from the obligations of the latter by a protest against the former. Professor Jevons, plunging poetically into the middle of his subject, inquires into the principles of industrial legislation, in discussing which, it seems, the first step must be "to rid our minds of the idea that there are any such things in social matters as abstract rights, absolute principles, unalterable rules, or anything whatever of an eternal and inflexible nature." This is brave language, and must be admitted, at any rate, to be a skilful formulation of the principles of a certain section of the Liberal party when they happen not to be arguing against a Tory Government. But the incorrigible logician looks to the purpose for which this very sweeping negation is enounced. That purpose is the justification of enactments such as those compelling the fencing of dangerous machinery, which enactments Mr. Jevons supposes to clash metaphysically with the principle of liberty. So, to prevent the clashing, he bowls over eternal and immutable social ethics altogether. But how if the partisan of metaphysics modestly but firmly denies that the principle of liberty is a metaphysical principle at all, and modestly but firmly asserts that the principle of the duty of government to protect its subjects, unless it can be shown that protection is bad for them, is a very eternal and immutable one indeed? Here is Mr. Jevons's contention established for him on quite opposite principles to his own. And yet we should not say upon opposite principles, for this stout container of the metaphysical later in his book defends the Factory Acts in their bearing upon mothers on the ground that "the first duty of a mother is to give sustenance to her infant." We have not the least intention of disputing this dictum. But who told Professor Jevons that it was the first duty of a mother? And, if it is so, is not this one of those abstract, absolute, immutable (and all the rest of it) principles which he has scorned and flouted at the outset? "People are always reasoning," says he elsewhere, "well or ill—generally ill." We are constrained to say that, as far as authors on Logic and the State in Relation to Labour are "people," Professor Jevons does not seem to be an exception to his own rule.

* *The English Citizen—The State in Relation to Labour.* By W. Stanley Jevons, F.R.S. *The State and the Church.* By the Hon. A. Elliot. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

We have no space (though it would be very interesting) to follow Mr. Jevons into a somewhat dangerous metabasis which he strives to make from the genus of natural science into that of social philosophy with the aid of the evolution hypothesis. Evolution is a mighty rod to conjure with, no doubt, as even socialist penny-a-liners have found out. But with the testimony of history to the effect that social effects and causes are working in pretty much the same way as they worked at least two thousand years ago, we should be rather shy of admitting fascinating but hasty generalizations on the subject. And when Mr. Jevons says that "the modern English citizen who lives under the burden of the revised edition of the statutes, not to speak of innumerable municipal, railroad, sanitary, or other by-laws, is after all an infinitely freer as well as nobler creature than the savage who is always under the despotism of physical want," we should like to ask him if he is quite certain that in his use of the word "free" he has here escaped the despotism of the *fallacia equivocationis*. But it is sufficient to have called attention to the curious weakness of Mr. Jevons's initial protest against metaphysical ideas of abstract law. The only other comment of the same kind that is necessary is that he is still under the influence of certain commonplaces of partisan argument which so well-informed a man and so comparatively impartial a thinker might have been expected to outgrow. With Mr. Jevons the sumptuary laws of our ancestors were "mere class laws intended to support the pride of an aristocracy," though nothing can be clearer than that they were the outcome (mistaken, if anybody pleases) of a serious and genuine belief that a separation of classes was both divinely ordered and socially beneficial. His attack on the system of apprenticeship under the exaggerated title of "industrial slavery" is a particularly vivid instance of the power of the commonplace, in short, of those metaphysical abstractions of which he himself is so contemptuous, over Mr. Jevons. Nothing could better exemplify this power than his occasional references to the middle ages and things mediæval. He is not ignorant (indeed, he admits) that some of the most beneficial of modern interferences of government are simply a revival of mediæval practice. But the force of traditional contempt for the good old times is too much for him, and his references to them are often quite worthy of the ignorance which partly justifies Voltaire and Dickens.

It is, however, only where Mr. Jevons wanders rashly into the metaphysics of his subject, or where he allows the attractions of the "prostitutes of politics," to use Lord Beaconsfield's bold figure, to overcome his natural sobriety, that his book is questionable. The handling of the general question how and why it is desirable for the State to interfere with labour might be improved. The sketch of the actual occasions on which it does so interfere, and the discussion of the details of each case, rarely leave much to desire. The chief doubt which occurs to us here is whether the author has not confined himself to too narrow a range. Omitting his Introduction and his concluding remarks, his work is contained in five chapters, dealing respectively with the Factory Acts, with Trade-Union Legislation, with the Law of Industrial Conspiracy, with Co-operation, and with Arbitration. There are one or two other subjects which suggest themselves as germane; but it is quite possible that they are reserved for Mr. Farrer's volume of the series, which is to deal with "The State in Relation to Trade." Trade and labour are not easily separated, and a better division would have been "The State in Relation to Home Trade," including labour, and "The State in Relation to Foreign Trade." It is clear that such subjects as the Contagious Diseases Acts and other legislation of the same kind, the liquor laws, the prohibition of gambling houses, &c., are much more closely connected with Mr. Jevons's topic than they are with the question of Protection and Free-trade, which will undoubtedly occupy Mr. Farrer.

One of the best instances of the success of Professor Jevons's treatment where nothing more than a careful and candid examination of facts is required is given by his dealing with Trade-Unions. He has, indeed, like almost all arguers on the subject, got into some difficulties in his treatment of the thorny question of what is and what is not conspiracy. He says confidently that "unlimited Boycotting cannot be allowed." He points out that even a combination to run upon a bank is improper, and yet he deprecates interference with industrial combinations. It is not so certain that the old doctrine of interference with such combinations was theoretically unjustifiable as it is that the relaxation of such interference has considerably softened the manners of Trade-Unionists. However, the main difficulties of the subject of strikes are very well dealt with. Mr. Jevons exposes clearly and forcibly the extreme practical difficulty arising from the large number of causes at work in deciding what the actual effect of strikes upon wages and upon trade is. Another good passage is the exposure of the fallacy underlying the Trade-Union *tu quoque*, the retort that the learned professions are as much governed by Trade-Union principles as the Amalgamated Eelpie-Makers. At the same time Mr. Jevons damages the force of this exposure by remarking in his preface that "all classes of society are Trade-Unionists at heart." That is exactly what all classes are not, and what constitutes the difference between the *τίχνας βάνανος* and the *τίχνας* which are not *βάνανος*. A man of letters seeks, no doubt, to make the best bargain for himself in the open market; but he does not, if he be of the better class, attempt to Boycott publishers, or to cut off the right hands of contributors to periodicals who work at a lower rate of remuneration than himself. An artist is not forbidden by any

amalgamation from taking what those who commission his work may offer for them; nor is a prima donna bound to consider in her engagements the receipts of the chorus-singer. Wherever the principle of the best work for the highest money, even if there be no criterion of "best" but uncertain and ill-qualified public taste, there the Trade-Union spirit is absent.

It is almost a pity, perhaps, that Mr. Jevons has not given a larger amount of information as to the history of his subject, respecting which there can be little doubt that the majority of his readers are anything but very well informed. Indirectly no inconsiderable quantity of such information is given. But it should have been given directly; and, considering the scanty amount of positive fact and somewhat vague discussion of general principles which alone remain, it is particularly desirable that the writer of such a book as this should give much of his space to the historical side of the matter. After all, however, Mr. Jevons's views on the economic shortcomings of our ancestors are evidently so strong that he might have found it difficult to speak with any patience of their wicked devices. A man who can bring himself in a serious work to suggest the stale old calumny that the agricultural labourer is less looked after by the State than the artisan, owing to "the reluctance of landowning legislators to touch the interests of their own order," cannot be said to be impartial.

If Mr. Elliot's book requires less notice than most of its companions, it is not because it is worse done than they are or because it has a less important subject. But the very nature of that subject imposed on the author the duty of being either very controversial or not controversial at all, and he has wisely and properly chosen the latter alternative. Hence there is little to say about his book, except that it is a summary (of necessity rather hurried and heterogeneous) of the history of ecclesiastical legislation in England, of the present state of the laws affecting the English Church, the Scotch Kirk, and the Dissenting sects, and of the actual condition of these various denominations in respect to temporalities. It is, on the whole, very accurately and fairly done, though in the space it was hardly possible to treat the subject exhaustively, and though, out of so many statements, historical, statistical, and what not, it would be easy to select some which are somewhat mistaken or misleading. The author is too fond of relying on the late Dean Stanley, a terribly untrustworthy guide, and he surely should know that Lord Macaulay's picture of the seventeenth-century clergy has been proved over and over again to be to a great extent a fancy one. He is not always as careful as he might be to use terms like "Presbyterian," "Nonconformist," &c., in their strict historic connexion—an important point. And his view of lay patronage and patronage generally is altogether too much coloured by the prejudices natural to a Scotchman. He is deceived (though his own figures might have undeceived him) as to the wealth of the English Church. The average income of a working minister of that Church is actually less, and less considerably, than that of a working minister of the Scotch Presbyterian establishment; and Mr. Elliot's argument as to the "prizes" of the former is quite illusory. "With 32 bishoprics, 30 deaneries, 134 canonries, a dozen livings over two thousand a year, and many more over a thousand," he thinks that "it can hardly be said that the prizes of the profession are too few or too poor." He forgets that the livings are hardly prizes of the profession at all, and that the necessary expenses of a bishopric are such as to make it in a pecuniary point of view a very dubious prize indeed. It is odd, too, that Mr. Elliot, after in the first pages of his book distinctly protesting against the vulgar fallacy of supposing that the Church of England was ever definitely set up or established by the State, falls into the very same error by talking of "a great part of its wealth" being "derived from its Roman Catholic predecessor." However, nearly all these things are obviously the result of oversight, not deliberate intention, and the book is, on the whole, commendably free from partisan bias.

PROPER PRIDE.*

PROPER PRIDE is what may be called a rather harum-scarum novel, which shows decided ability, though ability of no very high order. We do not say that the anonymous author may not be equal to more thoughtful and serious work; on the contrary, he shows artistic instincts which might be successfully directed to loftier aims. But, on the whole, we are so well pleased with his liveliness that we should be sorry to hazard injudicious advice, which might make him sink to the ordinary level of the feminine fiction of the day, and become philosophically maudlin or mawkishly sentimental. *Proper Pride* is so far original in point of design that it begins where the generality of novels leave off—namely, with a marriage. It is original, too, in the remarkable antenuptial relations of the future husband and wife. Alice Saville is a beautiful girl, and a great heiress to boot. In fact, like Coleridge's Christabel, she is "beautiful exceedingly"; and, thanks to her transcendent personal attractions, her soldier spouse, under their very peculiar circumstances, has to submit to a series of such temptations as nearly shook the constancy of the sainted Anthony. Alice Saville is likewise an orphan, and when we first make her acquaintance in the military society of Malta she is a "bread-and-butter miss" and an unprotected female, save in so far as the guardianship of an unsympathetic old maiden lady is concerned.

* *Proper Pride*. A Novel. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1882.

Yet the girl has a male guardian, though she has never seen him, and certainly the Fates never indulged in a stranger caprice than when they entrusted the fair Alice and her fortune to the custody of Sir Reginald Fairfax. Sir Reginald is a dashing light dragoon with a magnificent income, and one of the handsomest officers in Her Majesty's service. He is only a few years older than his ward; he has immense but not unreasonable confidence in the power of his own fascinations; and while he shines conspicuously in all Indian field sports from "pig-sticking" downwards, he has gained the greater reputation as a lady-killer that he has never abused his notorious gifts. It chanced that Sir Reginald drops in at Malta on his way homewards from Indian service. He thinks he may as well see this schoolgirl ward of his, who had come to him as one of the legacies of his lamented father's will, and whom he has hitherto regarded as an embarrassing responsibility, involving infinite possibilities of future trouble. Miss Saville on her side has been anything rather than prepossessed in his favour, thanks to the malicious misrepresentations of the maiden aunt, whom Reginald as a boy had mortally offended. Accordingly, when the well-matched pair meet in an upper chamber in Malta, in a *tête-à-tête* which Providence appears to have romantically arranged, the sense of agreeable surprise is mutual. They fall straightway head and ears in love; the arrangements for an immediate marriage go off trippingly; and they are duly married at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bermuda, with sundry capable assistants.

So far, so well; but here begins the interweaving of a tissue of improbabilities which form the turning-points of a consistently humorous story, although it often touches the pathetic, and is frequently verging on the tragic. Sir Reginald and Lady Fairfax are spending a prolonged honeymoon in one of the most charming country seats in Northern England, and in such bliss as seldom falls to the lot of human beings, when the slumbering enmities of a she-fiend are stirred into venomous life in a distant Indian cantonment. It is hard to conceive a commonplace and shallow garrison hack daring so dangerous a deed of darkness as that undertaken by the daughter of Mr. Commissary Mason, who had long been settled at Cheetapore. Miss Mason in former days had set her cap at the brilliant Reginald Fairfax, and had never forgiven the contemptuous decision with which he had repulsed her barefaced advances. She has read the announcement of his marriage, and her vindictive instincts recognize the opportunity for a deadly revenge. She calls her *âme damnée* into her diabolical councils, and a certain weak-minded Mr. Chambers becomes the reluctant instrument of her malice. A small but very select family party are seated at breakfast at Sir Reginald's seat of Looton, its master being absent on business, when the morning post arrives. Lady Fairfax rather eagerly opens an Indian letter, the foreign postage-stamps on it having excited her curiosity. And the curt but pregnant contents give her matter for more serious reflection. Her anonymous correspondent informs her that her husband has been married already; and encloses, by way of confirmation, a copy of the marriage certificate, apparently executed with all due legal formality. Now we should have assumed that a loving young bride in such circumstances might have been shocked, scandalized, or startled, but would certainly not have been shaken in her faith. Sir Reginald has been the most devoted of lovers and of husbands; his character as an honourable man is unimpeachable; and it might well be supposed that a fond and partial wife would have hesitated to condemn him as an infamous criminal on the very insufficient grounds of an anonymous communication. It is true that the maliciously disposed maiden aunt is there, to give comfort and support to the anonymous enemy. But, on the other hand, the absent husband has a staunch partisan in the person of Geoffrey Saville, the cousin and confidant of his wife. Be that as it may, the quick-tempered Alice's jealousy and resentment fly to her pretty head and turn it. She jumps to the conclusion that her absent husband is guilty; broods upon her imaginary wrongs before his return; and then receives him in such a manner that he in turn becomes indignant as herself, and with decidedly better reason. With such dispositions on either side, the gulf opening betwixt them yawns gradually wider and wider. Sir Reginald, who is still desperately in love with his wife—and "small blame to him," for she is represented as one of the most lovely and seductive of mortals—makes repeated advances, which are chillingly repelled. Finally his native pride is irritated beyond all power of endurance; he returns to India, having exchanged into another regiment, and vows he will never make it up with Lady Fairfax till she has abased herself in the dust for her injustice and cruelty—an event which seems unlikely to occur, considering the resolute character of the passionate beauty.

With an art which is as ingenious as it is cleverly provoking, the author contrives to throw successive obstacles in the way of a *rapprochement*, even when circumstances appear to make it either inevitable or imminent. Thus in India Sir Reginald has an extraordinary piece of good luck in clearing up the mystery of the forged certificate and bringing the culprits to a full confession. He hurries home accordingly in the middle of the story, and, were it not that there is another volume and a half to come, we should have been persuaded that he was to be made happy again immediately. Nor can he conceive why he is not; but we who have been introduced behind the scenes know that a missing letter is at the bottom of his exasperating troubles. His longing wife had written to him humbly enough; but the penitent missive never

reached its destination. Meantime she had been counting the days to his return, when her softened heart had gradually become alienated again, as disappointment passed into despair. He has come back to the house of which he is the master; he and Lady Fairfax are on perfectly courteous terms, although cool and distant, and the consequent situations are curiously piquant. We should say that with very slight modifications the novel might be made material for an excellent genteel comedy. Alice is as much in love with her husband as ever; her feelings continually prompt her to the most inviting advances; but pride stands in the way of the candid confessions which must have cleared away all misunderstandings in a moment. Fairfax is irresistibly attracted to the bewitching woman, who is really all his own, and who seems ready to fall into his arms; but then he remembers the perversity of her inexplicable treatment of him, and summons the pride of all the Fairfaxes to his assistance. Both become reckless, to the intense anxiety of each. Sir Reginald rides a vicious brute in a steeplechase, although his wife descends to expostulations on that occasion, and even offers to bribe him with a kiss to renounce his rash intentions. He refuses the kiss with a sublime effort of resolution; rides the race and wins it; but hurries home from the racecourse early in the day's proceedings to set his wife's too evident anxiety at rest. He meets her in the park, mounted on a fiend of a hard-mouthed hunter; and she quietly but firmly declines to get off, on the plea that they have decided to go their respective ways and preserve their respective liberty of action. Nay, even the closest and most sympathetic contact over what they believe to be the death-bed of their only child fails to clear away the impalpable barriers of separation, although repeatedly it promises to breach them. Not a few of these scenes are something more than merely clever. Finally, when the author has tantalized us long enough, and written a novel of the regulation length—which, to all appearance, his facility might have indefinitely expanded—he brings the long missing letter to light, when the spouses vie with each other in their outbursts of penitence. And we can understand that both must have felt excessively foolish when they recognized the gossamer-like flimsiness of the veil which had separated them as effectively as a steel-plated partition. All the same, the gross improbabilities of construction are carried off by the extreme lightness and frequent sparkle of the narrative. Some of the subsidiary characters, who are kept strictly in their proper places, are at least as good in their several ways as the principals. Notably there is Cousin Geoffrey Saville, who is humorous and impudent without ever stepping within the bounds of vulgarity, and who can venture on any liberties with an impunity which would assuredly be allowed to no other mortal.

TIELE'S HISTORY OF THE EGYPTIAN RELIGION.*

EGYPTOLOGY as a science may be said to have entered on a new stage of existence. It is true that we are still groping in the depths of primeval antiquity to find a rare fact here and there, but the old records are no longer undeciphered, the old language is no longer untranslated. The "brutish gods of Nile" have been catalogued and arranged. The tables of kings, lists of apparently impossible length, the dynasties of the Greek historians, have been placed in order, and so far examined and compared critically that an intelligible theory of the history may be formed. As yet, however, most of the work has been done in accumulating facts. The time for using them has hardly yet come. The early period is still but little known. When Egyptian art and literature first burst upon us they are already mature. Of their origin and growth we know nothing. The knowledge so far acquired as to the Pyramid-builders, for example, is not of such a character that we can argue from it philosophically. In approaching such a volume as Dr. Tiele's, we are compelled to feel at the very outset that, though he may attempt, as he modestly puts it, to reconstruct the faded picture of the early religion, he must fail because he has not enough to go on in the way of mere dry facts. Can he tell us why the Pyramid-builders before the last two kings of the ancient monarchy have left us no representations of their gods? Can he tell us how the great god of all the pantheon of that period was selected? Can he give us any but the vaguest indication of the moral laws of the time? Can he—and this relates to the religious question—can he explain how the succession to the throne was regulated? To not one of these queries is it possible to give a complete answer. If we take our views exclusively from the monuments, we arrive at the knowledge of certain facts; but they are so meagre that it is not possible to found any theory on them. If we take our views from what has been written on the subject, we may land ourselves in the Pyramid religion of the sect who think we are descended from the Lost Tribes. It is true Dr. Tiele has the honour of having been the first to pursue the strictly chronological method in his account of the ancient Egyptian religion. One Hibbert Lecturer, some years ago, began a discourse on the same subject by invoking chronology, so to speak, and immediately, having discharged his conscience, abandoned it. Another eminent writer across the Channel threw chronology to the winds, almost cynically, as useless, and mixed up Shoofoo and Ptolemy on his very first page. The fact is, Egyptologists are only beginning

* *History of the Egyptian Religion.* By Dr. C. P. Tiele. Translated from the Dutch by James Ballingall. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

to recognize the enormous interval of years between the different epochs which are all classed together as "ancient Egyptian." It is impossible that the great kingdom which came to an end, we know not how many thousand years ago, with the fall of the Sixth Dynasty, can have had precisely the same religious ideas and beliefs as the people among whom Herodotus travelled under the Twenty-seventh. There are many anomalous things to be noticed about the history of Egypt, and nothing more anomalous and unexampled elsewhere than the permanence of certain institutions; but that the religion stood absolutely still during a period of years sometimes reckoned at five thousand, and through a series of revolutions of the most completely subversive character, is simply beyond the power of historical belief.

Dr. Tiele's account of the earliest religion—for he keeps strictly to the chronological method, and begins at the beginning—is necessarily vague. As we have said, there is very little to go upon; but it seems to us that Dr. Tiele has hardly made enough of that little. He is too anxious to connect Osiris and his family with the solar myth of all nations, and asserts too positively that under the ancient monarchy he was a sun-god. This appears by his very next sentence, where he acknowledges that Osiris was equally a moon-god, a river-god, an earth-god, and so forth. The meagre records of the time do not justify him in giving to the legend detailed by Plutarch an antiquity greater than that of the Pyramids. The subject is one of immense difficulty, and the truth can only be reached by a comparison of the doctrines of totemism, or ancestor-worship, with those of the solar myth. To do this requires a knowledge of mythology which, so far, no writer on the religion of ancient Egypt has shown. Dr. Tiele, in common with Mr. Renouf, M. Paul Pierret, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and many others, has not given an adequate place to the great and central object of the worship of the people of that time. Osiris and Isis may or may not be parts of a solar myth. The question is interesting, and even important; but Osiris and Isis play a very small part in the religious ideas of the Pyramid-builders in comparison with the kings in whose honour the Pyramids were built. The great god of the day, so called on scores of monuments, was Pharaoh. Any history of the religion of the early period which does not give due prominence to this primary fact seems to us to fail at the outset. There is a certain analogy between the animal-worship of the towns and villages and the king-worship of the two kingdoms which might be worked out. Pharaoh may have been honoured as the descendant, successor, and visible incarnation of Osiris—Asiri or Asar, as he is on the monuments, the "earth-born," as the words have been translated—who may, at some period so remote that the mind refuses to grasp it, have been a king of Egypt. The oldest royal epitaph now remaining calls Mycerinus "Osiris." At a much later period every dead person was so described; the complete Osirian myth had grown up in the meantime. But the prevalence, from whatever cause, of king-worship alone accounts for two things otherwise so puzzling—namely, why the ancient Egyptians built pyramids, and why they did not make representations and temples of the other gods. The tale, repeated by Herodotus, that Cheops neglected the gods, is a true if faint echo from the older period. The religion of the time of Herodotus was a slight modification of that established under the Eighteenth Dynasty, when we no longer see the king worshipped by priests and prophets, no longer see pyramids with their adjoining temples, built of cyclopean blocks, to his honour; but find the king himself doing sacrifice and burning incense to the gods. Thothmes and Rameses are prostrate in their humility before Horus and Apis. Shoofoo and Chafra probably looked upon them as slightly their inferiors, if such thoughts occurred to their divine inner consciousness—*tantæne animis celestibus!*

No inkling of this appears either in Dr. Tiele's pages or those of the other writers we have named. True, we have a long exposition of the "self-glorification" in which these monarchs indulged; but there is no sufficient acknowledgment of the place of the king in the pantheon of the Early Monarchy. Another fault must also be found with what is, in most respects, the best book we have yet met with on this subject. Dr. Tiele does not put the universal animal-worship of the Egyptians into its proper place. It would be interesting to see a thorough discussion of this branch of the subject. Such a discussion could only be held by persons acquainted with prehistoric archaeology of all kinds, as well as with the ordinary anthropological mythology now so widely studied. It would have to inquire into the nature of the sacred animals, their being common or rare, for instance. It would have to investigate the possibilities of their being tribal or ancestral. The question as to race would come in. A proposition might be stated. The religion of the most ancient Egyptians was partly the worship of the king and his ancestors, and partly that of sacred animals. Are these two great divisions indications of a diversity of race, and was the religion of the ruling race different at first from that of the people? These, rather than questions of comparative mythology, have to be answered before Dr. Tiele or any one else is able to go into the universal history of religion. This volume is the first instalment of a "Comparative History of the Egyptian and Mesopotamian (Hamitic and Semitic) Religions." So we are told in the first words of the preface.

If we say that, so far as it goes, this work is very superior to its predecessors, we shall give it the faintest of faint praise. Dr. Tiele falls into the error of all his companions. With an imperfect acquaintance with the divinities of Egypt, he discusses their symbolism. We say "an imperfect acquaintance" because, as yet,

no one is perfectly acquainted with even the names of the gods. All the writers who have preceded Dr. Tiele have done the same, though, of course, it has not been given to all to share the views of M. Pierret. It will be quite time enough when we know more of the teaching of the Egyptian theologians to talk of the symbolism of their objects of worship. It is difficult to see the symbolism of an ichneumon, or to trace the solar myth involved in the worship of the Great Tom Cat. Yet a king, otherwise unknown, unquestionably bore the name of this god, and has left us monuments in which he is coupled with Ra, the Sun. A simple chronological account of the changes in tone towards the gods during the successive millenniums of Egyptian history, a simple geographical list of the sacred animals, with a note of the earliest mention of each, is what we want now. When this work has been done, it will be time enough to speculate as to the solar myth and the symbolism of the local triads.

With the details of Dr. Tiele's work a few faults must be found. For example, he asserts that in self-glorification Chafra greatly "excelled his predecessor." Dr. Tiele may mean, "he exceeded his predecessor," but the historical documents are not here sufficient to support such an assertion. The remains of a burial-place of Chafra's time has been found, with fragments of statues bearing his titles. No such remains have been found of the works of his predecessors. Only two kings who reigned before him are mentioned on contemporary monuments; and the inscriptions left by them in the peninsula of Sinai certainly do not warrant Dr. Tiele's opinion that the apotheosis of Chafra "is far more strongly expressed than in the case of preceding kings." We have about half a dozen brief inscriptions relating to Chafra, three relating to Shoofoo, and one relating to Seneferoo. These are not the documents on which to found such a theory, the more so as one at least, and that the most important, inscription relating to Shoofoo is of the most doubtful authenticity. It would be interesting, too, to know on what grounds Dr. Tiele says that Shoofoo erected the great Sphinx. In the first place, almost every other authority is of opinion that the Sphinx is a natural feature, was always a rock standing up as it does still, and that its head was shaped at some remote period. In the second, that Shoofoo shaped it is not supported by the smallest fraction of evidence that has reached England. It may have been sculptured by Thothmes IV., of the Eighteenth Dynasty. We have no reason to suppose that Holland, like France, has any exclusive information on Egyptian archaeology. But we must not be understood to have the slightest inclination to depreciate Dr. Tiele's work for a few minor blemishes. It is not up to the standard we have endeavoured to raise, but it is far above the level of its contemporaries.

SELECTIONS FROM LANDOR.*

EIGHTEEN years have passed away since Landor died at Florence, and seven years more than a century since he was born at Warwick. Yet it may be said that he has only just been accepted, even if yet he be entirely accepted, by the British public as a classic with whom it is desirable to possess at least some shadow of an acquaintance. The curious way in which the figures of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, almost wholly unimportant to their immediate contemporaries, have floated up until they command the horizon, and contend for foremost places in the literary history of the century, has been commented on until it has become a commonplace. That people crowded to look at Tom Moore, and hustled Keats aside; that, as we have just learned through Trelawney, such a painter as Eastlake thought it mere waste of time to draw the features of Shelley—these are facts that seem odd enough to us. But the Jeffrey method of treating these great poets has been obsolete already for forty years at least, while the neglect of Landor has been a no less singular and a much more lasting phenomenon. In turning over the pages of Mr. Sidney Colvin's delightful "Golden Treasury" we have been struck anew with amazement at this long neglect and with a fresh curiosity to fathom its causes. We speak of Landor for the moment as a prose-writer simply. What prose is more winning than his, what vein of fancy more natural and redundant, what narrative faculty more entertaining and dramatic, what emotion more wholesome and direct? How is it, we ask ourselves, that the author of such a dialogue as "Leofric and Godiva" is not a favourite in every gentle household?

Two causes suggest themselves to us as hitherto unexamined by those poets and critics who have upbraided the public for its insensibility. Of these causes one is a mere matter of dates. It is acknowledged that in the early part of this century, when coldness and tradition had so long held possession of English readers, it took a considerable number of years for a new sort of writing to make itself popular, if its appeal were made to the deeper sources of the intellect and were not instantly attractive. Those who marvel at the slowness of growth of a love for Landor are not surprised that the genius of Coleridge or of Shelley had to germinate for thirty years before it produced a harvest of universal or general appreciation. This, they say, is not surprising; but why has it taken more than one hundred years for Landor, who was so much older than Shelley, to obtain something like his proper position in literature? It is true, of course, that Landor was born in 1775, and Shelley not until 1792, and that in tables of literature and

* Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor. Arranged and edited by Sidney Colvin. London: Macmillan & Co.

suchlike educational compendiums the former appears as the representative of an earlier generation than that of the latter. But, in point of fact, Landor is a writer subsequent to Shelley. When Shelley died, in 1822, Landor had published *Gebir*, a book belonging to no time or age, and a few pieces of English and Latin verse, many of them exquisite in the extreme, but all of them cryptic to the multitude. Time went on. Byron died, and with his death marked the close of an epoch; Wordsworth, with the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, completed all that was really momentous in his message to the race; Coleridge had already long been silent; Lamb had published the *Essays of Elia*; Scott had risen to the height of his glory, and had declined into the manufacture of comparatively inferior books; in short, the real work of the age in literature was over, and still Landor was silent. In his fiftieth year he laid the first foundation of his renown in publishing the *Imaginary Conversations*, a work which, when all is said on the subject of the author's own delay, deserved by its richness and variety of entertainment a much prompter and warmer welcome than it has even yet received.

As a poet it is easier to understand the delay. There is comparatively little of Landor's verse which equals the best of the other great English poets. A few pieces are quite as enjoyable as the best of Wordsworth or Shelley, but these are very few indeed; and, in approaching the public, the poet lacked, or did not care to exercise, the tact which is necessary to win an uneducated audience. This leads us to mention the second of our hitherto unobserved causes of his want of popularity. Almost all modern poets of the finer kind have first attracted the public to them by some broadly popular piece which has pleased the multitude. This has rarely been the best, or among the best, of their poems, but it has sufficed to awaken a sympathy for their work outside the narrow circle of experts. Mr. Tennyson was accepted on the score of "The Queen of the May"; Mr. Browning owed his first popularity to "How the News was brought to Ghent"; and Mr. Matthew Arnold would have but half his popular following if he had never published "The Forsaken Merman." The "Skylark" and the "Cloud" did the same service for Shelley, and the "Ode to a Nightingale" for Keats; but Landor possesses no such universal favourite among the children of his muse. Mr. Colvin has apparently felt this with regret, and in one of his careful and thoughtful notes he seems to present a candidate for this popular adoption. He quotes *The Hamadryad*, and he says:—

It is hardly conceivable that a poem of this perfect ease and grace, this pure classical charm of imagery and narrative and sentiment, should not long ago have established itself, as it must surely one day do, as a standard favourite with all readers of English poetry.

We thoroughly agree with Mr. Colvin's praise of this exquisite poem, and we turn to re-read it again to see whether we can find a reason for its want of popularity. We think that we can. Such a poem as we mean when we speak of "a standard favourite with all readers" must present no difficulties, hold no traps for ignorance, appeal with directness to simple-minded thinkers. What do we find almost at the very outset of *The Hamadryad*?

Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
With rose and myrtle if they were *inhorn*;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast, . . .
Then olive was entwined with violets, . . .
For various men wore various coronals,
But one was their *devotion*.

Here there are two forms of expression, each of which is enough to disturb any one to whom literature has merely been a pastime; the use of *inhorn* and of *devotion* requires no less experience and calls for no less commentary than those stately eccentricities which form at once the charm and the difficulty of *Paradise Regained*. We need go no further; *The Hamadryad* is a lovely composition, a poem without fault, but it will only become a popular favourite in the sense in which *Locksley Hall* is popular, when Miss Braddon is read no longer, and the works of Mr. Herbert Spencer are hawked about at the seaside in scarlet and yellow paper covers.

It is time, however, to speak in detail of the volume of selections which has drawn from us these general remarks. It bears every trace of love and labour, and cannot fail to do more than any previous publication in extending a judicious knowledge of Landor. Mr. Colvin's prefatory essay is one of the best literary studies which we have had from his pen; in spite of his manifest enthusiasm for his theme, he has not allowed himself to be betrayed into exaggeration or that tone of excited hyperbole which is the bane of so much contemporary criticism. He feels the shortcomings of Landor's personality, and without a sense of these there can be no real perception of the majestic qualities which surmount and overpower them. His remarks on the character of Landor's prose seem to us particularly excellent:—

Of the very few English writers who have written prose like artists or like masters, Landor, whether he is read by few or many, must always be counted among the first. There are limits, indeed, to the excellence of his prose, in that its structure is too regular and firm for perfect freedom. Its affinities are with the prose of the best Latin rather than with that of the best Greek writers; with Latin, "the expression of law," as Professor Jebb has admirably put it, rather than with Greek, "the voice of life." But of this severely regulated and measured prose, this prose which is as deliberately removed from the casualness of common speech as the figures of ideal sculpture are removed from the casualness of common life, of this severe and sententious prose Landor's writing furnishes in English the best example. That he is never stiff and never declamatory would be too much to say; but these are the incidental blemishes of a

style which in its kind often reaches perfection. Landor's feeling for the value and weight of words was of that sort which comes from a habitual converse with the best writers, and with the best writers only; and his choice of them is as sound and scrupulous as is the structure of his sentences. He imitates no model, but when he aims at effects of pomp he can be as majestic as any of the great seventeenth-century masters of eloquence, from Hooker to Milton himself, without their tendency to involution of thought and entanglement of clauses; and when he aims at effects of simplicity, he can be as plain as the great eighteenth-century masters of easy prose, as Addison or Goldsmith, without their tendency to negligence and triviality.

Mr. Colvin has divided the mass of material at his disposal into three main divisions. The first contains what is purely "dramatic and narrative." In his sub-section, which bears the heading "Dramatic," he finds room for no extract from such plays as *Count Julian*, but gives us twenty-one typical examples of the best of the *Imaginary Conversations*. If, however, his dramatic section is entirely in prose, his narrative section is almost as wholly composed of verse. Three magnificent passages from *Gebir* present the reader with all that is best in this strange and forbidding poem. One curious extract of blank verse is enough to give a taste of the harsh flavour which characterizes the rare volume of 1802. From the riper and more mellifluous *Hellenics* we have four enjoyable extracts. "The Death of Artemidora," probably the best known of all Landor's writings, exemplifies the poetical unrecurrent of *Pericles and Aspasia*; and for prose examples of Landor's skill in narrative, the *Pentameron* and the *Citation and Examination of Shakespeare* are brought into requisition. The second main division of the book Mr. Colvin names "Reflective and Discursive," and he subdivides it into sections headed "Religion," "Fame," "Death and Mortality," "Life and Human Nature," and the like. This has without doubt been the most difficult part of the whole labour. To select from so voluminous and so casual an author an anthology of this minute kind must have been arduous indeed, but the labour has been conducted with great skill and tact. The selections in this division have been made, almost without exception, from the prose works, and therefore Landor's marvellous little epigrams on ethical subjects are either postponed to the third division or omitted altogether. We cannot but suppose that the exclusion of "Dirce," which most Landorians consider the finest of all his epigrams, is accidental; such oversights are not to be prevented in a work of this extent. In a new edition Mr. Colvin may feel inclined to insert these four inimitable lines on page 221, where there is plenty of room for them.

In the third division, "Personal and Autobiographical," we find many of the little poems to which we are most attached. Yet we have turned over the pages very carefully, but in vain, to seek for "The Maid's Lament," and we are quite sure that Mr. Colvin has missed the tenderest of Landor's sketches of later amatory song:—

There is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us
Morning and noon and eventide repass;
Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross, alas! alas!

Mr. Colvin is fully aware, as he confesses, that no second student of a particular poet is ever quite pleased with the selection of a first. We must praise as specially skilful, and as, so far as we know, new, the arrangement of personal poems under the heading "Ianthé," and we refer the reader to the notes for a variety of curious information. This volume, which is one of the most charming in the series to which it belongs, is further adorned by a vignette engraved by Mr. Sherborn from Fisher's portrait of Landor in the National Portrait Gallery. It is very fierce, massive, and shaggy, and altogether a far more characteristic likeness of the old man than the better known portrait by Boxall.

SIX MONTHS IN PERSIA.*

THE Persia of to-day is assuredly not the Persia of Hafiz. If there was ever a land of poetry and romance, it was Persia in the middle ages, when Firdausi sang the histories of the kings and heroes; when the majesty of Jemshid, the loves of Khursu and Shirin, of Leyli and Mejnün, and a hundred such, were the themes of a Nizami or a Jami, and found a ready echo in the hearts of the people; when Hafiz would give all the riches of Samarkand and Bokhara for the mole on the cheek of the fair one of Shiraz, and even the grave Sa'di could not expound his wise aphorisms without a setting of romance. It is not of such a land or such a people that the modern traveller writes; the glory is departed, and we read only of a half-famished people, a barren soil, a corrupt tyranny, and its consequences—decay, hopelessness, discontent. Perhaps Mr. Stack did not see the best side of Persian life, or perhaps there is no best side; in any case, his record of six months in the home of mystical romance produces an impression of dreary monotony of scenery, and of a complete subordination of the graces and pleasures to the hardships and miseries of life. We are half inclined, however, to doubt whether Mr. Stack would have made anything of Persia in its best time. He does not seem to possess the faculty of enjoyment himself, and is thus incapacitated for seeing it in others. If he had met Hafiz himself at Shiraz, we believe he would have thought chiefly of the necessity for starting early next morning, and

* *Six Months in Persia*. By E. Stack, Bengal Civil Service. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

gone to bed placidly at ten o'clock, and left the poet to enjoy his wine and his jests and his ghazels by himself. Seldom has a traveller passed through a strange and partly unexplored country with such an apparent determination to be dull. As we read of day after day spent in exactly the same manner, the same little paragraph about the scenery, the same notice of the distance accomplished, the same statement of the breakfast on the road and the accommodation at the end, we are tempted to ask Mr. Stack the very question which the Persians themselves were always putting to him, "What was he travelling for?" He may, indeed, have enjoyed his journey, but his diary does not read very hilariously; he may have seen nature's varied beauty and man's diversities of character and habit, but his account of them all reads as though they did not exist. Everything is on the same dead level; we struggle through a mass of details, each resembling the other; and at the end we have gained no distinct picture of either country or inhabitants. Persia and the Persians are obscured by a crowd of disjointed observations and those trivial experiences of travel and roadside accidents which every traveller thinks interesting to the long-suffering public. The details of diseased fowls and bony horses, inquisitive *gamins*, searchers for food and forage, brackish water, tea, and pipes—we have pondered over them till we know them by heart, and can tell exactly when the traveller will produce his stock of commonplace. There is not even the shadow of an adventure to relieve the monotony of these volumes. Robbers and highwaymen were frequently rumoured of, and one famous brigand was observed plastered up into a column of mortar by the roadside, a masculine Lot's wife; but no living marauder came across Mr. Stack's uneventful path. He and his mules and his companions—none of whom possesses an individual existence to the reader—pursued the even tenor of their way, stopped at caravan-serais, interviewed the local governors, conversed a little with the natives, noted the crops, traversed a ravine and entered a plain, went to bed, and arose betimes; "and the evening and the morning were the first day," and the second day, and so on, even unto the end of the six months. A variety, indeed, is observed when Mr. Stack arrived at a large city, such as Yezd or Shiraz or Isfahan; but even here he does not unburden his soul overmuch, and is usually content to describe the bazaars and sometimes the mosques, and perhaps the "antiquities" (of which, if we are to judge from his prosaic account of Persepolis, he is hardly a judge), and leaves the place as vague and unreal to the reader's imagination as it was before. It is, however, in the pages that refer to the large towns that the only relief is found from the routine of daily "itinerating"; and the account, for example, of "modern life in Isfahan, whether among Persians, Armenians, or Europeans," is not uninteresting, although the only passage relating to the "life" is the following:—

Dining out once, I found myself in polyglot company as follows:—three of the guests talked Dutch to one another, French to the hostess, and German to the host. I talked English to my host, and Persian to my hostess and to the Roman Catholic padre; the latter dignitary conversed with the Armenian archbishop in Turkish; and the host and hostess addressed each other and their children in Russian. I was also offered the choice of Arabic by the padre, but respectfully declined. Two ladies of the party, when not spoken to in Persian, entertained each other with a brisk interchange of sentiments in Armenian. It will be perceived, perhaps, that there are certain difficulties in the way of "getting up" anything in Julfa (the suburb of Isfahan). Yet what seemed to me to be the great disadvantage of the place was far less the confusion of tongues than the cramped style of living. The lanes are narrow and stuffed full of trees; the houses, though provided with good courtyards, are deficient in openness, and command no view at all. There is no place of public resort where all Julfa can meet and amuse itself. . . . Nevertheless, life in Julfa is well provided with what are called "creature-comforts." The table is more cheaply supplied in Persia than in India, and with better food. . . . But the most extraordinarily cheap article is wine. It can be made in the house for twopenny-halfpenny a bottle, of a quality decidedly superior to the common *tal sharab* or claret which Anglo-Indians are doomed to drink. It is more like good Chianti wine than anything else. The colour is red, and is darker in old wine than new. I have drunk excellent old wine in the houses of some Armenian friends. The new wine, however, is more commonly used, and for breakfast or a light dinner wine it seemed to me pretty high perfection.—ii. 39-41.

Beyond improvements in roads, the Shah's European tours do not seem to have done much for Persia. Teheran has, indeed, seen considerable changes under his rule, and Mr. Stack believes it has great capabilities, and "might be made into a station not inferior to the best of our stations in the Himalayas," with "miles on miles of shady alleys, acres on acres of gardens, cricket-ground, polo-ground, racecourse, grand mall, even boatraces and skating on the reservoirs which a prudent Government would excavate on the slopes of Shimran to store the winter rains." The Shah's ambitions, however, have not soared so high as this; he is contented with papering his palaces with pictures from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*, or adorning them with native frescoes representing London restaurants, the lobby of the House of Commons, and the like. The imperial State apartments do not strike one as either splendid or beautiful; there is plenty of staring colour and gilt and mirrors, but neither richness of material nor taste in its disposition. The only rooms we read of that sound pleasant are the

Sardāba, or underground chambers of the Nigaristan palace in Teheran city, where Fath Ali Shah used to disport himself with his ladies in the heat of a summer's day—which one can still see, and, if he chooses, slide down the *sursura*, or shoot of white marble, rubbed smooth by the white limbs of that gracious monarch's many wives as they used to come gliding into his royal arms. It is an inclined plane, down which one shoots, with considerable velocity, in a sitting posture, to plunge, if not stopped, into a

marble tank at the foot. I solemnly slid down it, in riding boots and spurs feeling that I but inadequately represented the spirit of the place.—ii. p. 160.

The army, which the Shah has been reforming after European models, does not appear to be a success:—

The untidiness, the carelessness, the technical ignorance, the general fecklessness of the Persian soldier exist in as great a degree as any imagination, military or civil, can conceive. There is nothing soldier-like in the men; they are hangers-on of the bazaars, where they spend their time in buying and selling, eating and smoking. Here and there one sees a few sentries with Werndl breechloaders, but the great majority have the old Brown Bess. . . . [At Isfahan] I saw hundreds of youths marching around with a broad grin on their faces, under the guidance of a few farfars, who ejaculated sounds supposed to resemble the "Links! Rechts!" of an Austrian drill-sergeant. The regiments directly under the Teheran-trained officers seemed to me to be equal in point of smartness to a remote and neglected band of Anglo-Indian volunteers.—ii. 155.

There are a couple of cavalry regiments drilled by Austrian officers on the Cossack pattern, which seemed to do their work rather more satisfactorily; but, on the whole, the Persian army is a failure. Nevertheless, there is a firm conviction in the country that the English are no match for them. One day at Kaha Mr. Stack was questioned as to the relations of "his Shah" and the Shah of Persia, and asked which he thought would win, if it came to fighting; but when he sought to evade this delicate point they remarked, "You won't be angry, now, if we tell you what we think? If we fought with your people we should win, because we are smarter than you, and one of us could kill seven or eight of your men." And when Mr. Stack hinted that the British ordnance might prove dangerous, "The cannons don't matter," said they, "we are so smart!" and "fired by these warlike thoughts, one of the band endeavoured to discharge his gun; but, after wasting three caps, and vainly trying to clear the nipple with a straw, he gave up the attempt" (i. 168).

But there is a stronger conviction even than this of Persian prowess, and that is the belief in the power of Russia. In Persian opinion England is "nowhere" in this comparison; the people were never tired of expatiating on the strength and resources of Russia; they did not for a moment entertain the possibility of successfully waging war with the Czar; England would infallibly be beaten, just as she had to retreat from Candahar because she could not hold it—that being the universal opinion in Persia. The everlasting dinning of Russia into one's ears must be reckoned among the inconveniences of travelling in the Shah's territories, even when one is no more afflicted with Russophobia than Mr. Stack was. It was humiliating to find the name of England often unknown, and to be asked, "Are you a European or a Russian?"

The principal interest of these volumes is found in the chapter in which Mr. Stack has collected together his observations of the different systems of land tenure and (even more important) water tenure; but he has also some useful notes on the opium trade with China, which has doubled in the last ten years, and now amounts to some four hundred tons of opium exported annually from Bandar Abbas to China by the Peiho Company's steamers. This is only a tenth of the Indian export; but the Persian opium is rather cheaper, and there seems room for improvement in the traffic, which is highly profitable for Persia. Isfahan is the centre of the trade; "a lodge in a garden of poppies," and the opium crops yield a much better return to the owners than wheat or barley. Mr. Stack, however, cannot prognosticate the future of the trade or the results of a possible Government encouragement. It is difficult indeed to foretell anything in Persia; everything depends so much upon conditions which are likely to be unfulfilled. Water, for instance, is the first need of Persia. The land is not poor or exhausted, but simply unrainfed upon. If the winter torrents were stored in reservoirs, Mr. Stack believes that barren deserts would be turned into fertile gardens. Perhaps they would; but is there any chance of the reservoirs being built? If English enterprise took the matter up there might be a chance; and it seems a pity that we are so indifferent to a country that borders on our Indian Empire, and allow Russian influence to spread and grow there to our own eventual danger or loss. The soil is rich if it had water, and the climate delightful; the people are fair-spoken and pleasant to deal with, hearty and hard-working; there are salt and mineral mines to be worked. We could make something out of Persia with money and private energy. As an Anglo-Indian Mr. Stack envies the Persian climate, and sees endless capabilities in the harbours and products and mines. We can believe and regret all that he has to say about its present state; but we doubt whether even Englishmen would be able to find enough water or enough trade to make it worth their while to regenerate Persia.

MASKELL'S MONUMENTA RITUALIA.*

MR. MASKELL'S admirable books, perfectly indispensable though they are to a clergyman's library, have long been out of print. It is with great pleasure that we welcome a new edition of them, brought out, in a sumptuous form, by the delegates of the Clarendon Press. Nearly forty eventful years have elapsed since

* *Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesie Anglicanae*. The Occasional Offices of the Church of England according to the Old Use of Salisbury, &c. By William Maskell, M.A. 3 vols. Second Edition. Oxford: 1882.

The Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England. By William Maskell, M.A. Third Edition. Oxford: 1882.

the appearance of Mr. Maskell's first editions. During this interval the knowledge of the Book of Common Prayer, its origin, its merits and its defects, has been vastly extended amongst English Churchmen, and in no small degree in consequence of Mr. Maskell's labours. For the office-books of the unreformed Church were scarcely accessible, even to those who lived near great public libraries, except in his pages. Since then, indeed, great progress has been made in the republication of the old English Service Books. The Sarum Missal, not to speak of an English translation of it by other hands, has been carefully reprinted at the Burntisland Press by a company of "ritual" scholars, in the proper acceptance of the phrase. The Breviary itself is in course of publication, at the cost of the Cambridge University Press, by Mr. Procter and Mr. Christopher Wordsworth. Mr. Warren is at work on the still older Service Books of the Saxon and British Churches; and Dr. Henderson and others have edited some of the less common books, such as the York Processional. All this points to the fact of there being a wholesome interest in the original documents from which our own Prayer Book is compiled. Such study is most useful for all who have at heart the proper understanding and the proper performance of the liturgical offices of the Church. There is still, indeed, very much to be learnt by our ecclesiastical governors. The "occasional prayers" issued by authority are still as wordy and uncouth and jejune as if the great treasure-houses of the devotions, and especially the collects, of the older Church had not been thrown open to us. And we are still sometimes amused, as well as pained, by such gross blunders as that made by one very high in ecclesiastical office, who found an argument against sound eucharistic doctrine in that rubric about Spiritual Communion which happened (little as he knew it) to be taken from the Sarum Manual. Nor, we may add, do the suggested additions to the Prayer Book, in the way of Harvest Services or the like, betray any deep acquaintance with liturgical principles. Still, that there is much more knowledge on the subject than there used to be must be obvious to us all.

It is almost pathetic to think that one who has done such excellent service to the Church of England as Mr. Maskell has no longer any deep concern for its welfare. He himself joined the Roman Catholic communion many years ago, soon after the Gorham judgment began that insidious series of attempts to explain away, and to interpret by considerations of expediency, the doctrine and practice of the Church, of which we have not yet seen the end. One naturally looks with interest to any changes which the author, having changed his standpoint, may have thought fit to make in these new editions. The alterations, so far as we have observed them, are not numerous, and are not offensive. Of course there are retrenchments of words and phrases; and we are disposed to agree with those critics who have come to the conclusion that the second work the title of which is given below is less valuable than its first edition. But Mr. Maskell's sympathies are not altogether alienated from the co-religionists of his earlier days. He still claims the credit of publishing these volumes for the benefit of the Church of England. "These books," he says, "are intended (now, as they were forty years ago) chiefly for the use of the clergy and laity of the Anglican Church. And this not only at home, but in our colonies and in the United States; in short, wherever the Book of Common Prayer is accepted as the form of public worship." To himself, indeed, "the rituals observed in England for nearly a thousand years before the reign of Edward VI." can have little more than a cold, archaeological interest; for the cast-iron system of modern Ultramontane Romanism abhors and represses all peculiar local rites, of whatever antiquity, in a dull uniformity of practice. But the old fires smoulder in his mind, and he has observed, not without a keen interest, the ritual suits among ourselves. He has added a very interesting and important note to the preface of "The Ancient Liturgy" (p. lxxiii.) After referring to recent discussions and arguments, and expressing his belief that the famous Ornaments Rubric, ordering that certain things "shall be retained and be in use, as were in the Church of England by the authority of Parliament in the second year of the reign of King Edward VI.," refers to the First Prayer Book of 1549, and not to any usages observed before the issuing of that book, he makes the following weighty remarks on the astonishing dicta of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council in the Ridsdale judgment, with respect to the so-called Advertisements of Elizabeth. The opinions of so competent an expert as Mr. Maskell, who has no longer any personal bias in the matter, cannot but be of value. He says:—

I would ask permission to say one word (whether exceeding my limits or not) on the alleged "authority" of the Advertisements of 1566. Setting aside the extreme difficulty, and after so much labour spent without success, we may say the impossibility, of proving that these Advertisements at any time had the force of law, no legal judgment in the present century seems to be so directly contrary to all the principles which for generations have been supposed to rule the decisions of our chief courts, as that which lately told us that a clause in an Act of Parliament plainly referring to the second year of King Edward is understood as referring to the seventh year of Queen Elizabeth. We can only hope that, if reasons of policy or expediency had weight with any of our judges in arriving at this decision, it may be very long before we need be ashamed of another example. Nothing can shake men's reverence in England for legitimate authority more than bringing in "expedience" to overrule the distinct language of an Act of Parliament.

It is time, however, to turn from topics of controversy and to speak more particularly of the contents of the volumes before us. Mr. Maskell's "Dissertations on the Ancient Service-Books" and on the "Old Occasional Offices of the Church of England" reappear in all the freshness of their racy and vigorous expression. We

notice few alterations in these treatises. They are followed by the "Occasional Offices" themselves, as contained in the Manual and the Pontifical of the Sarum Use. These we need not recapitulate. But we may mention that the editor has made two or three, but not very important, additions to the list. The first of these is a Litany, sung at the coronation of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, already printed by Dr. Henderson in the Surtees Society's edition of the York Pontifical. It is a very interesting office, and is notable for its freedom from any excessive devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In fact, the suffrage, "Sancta Maria tu illum adjuva"—in a triplet with St. Michael and St. Raphael—is the only mention of her name. We do not remember to have seen it remarked that in the extremely interesting "Form and Order of Her Majesty's Coronation" (which, with many judicious and incisive notes by the editor, follows the earlier orders of coronation in the second volume of the *Monumenta Ritualia*), some well-meant but extremely feeble alterations have been made in the rugged version of the *Veni Creator Spiritus* with which all English Churchmen are so familiar in the Ordination Service and in all modern hymnals. It is extraordinary how every one seems to think that he can polish and improve any one else's hymn, whether original or translated. Another addition in the present edition is a second form for the Consecration of Nuns. Both orders are interesting. The new one, in English, printed for the first time from a manuscript in the British Museum, is quite as valuable philologically as liturgically. Mr. Maskell calls attention to the phrase "to use," employed here in the sense of receiving the Holy Communion. He finds the same expression in the *Mirror of our Ladye*:—"In tyme of Agnus dei and whyle the preste sayth"; and in Latin, in a rubric of the Hereford Missal:—"Postquam dixeret orationes usque ad usum, antequam utatur, cantet." Other additions are an office for King Henry VI., in whose honour the twenty-second day of May was set apart, and who, if not canonized, seems to have been beatified by Pope Sixtus IV. Mr. Maskell comments on the moderation of language which makes this office compare favourably with another office in honour of Thomas of Lancaster, the grandson of Henry III., and "a person of very doubtful reputation," which he does not reprint. "It is not easy to understand [he says] how the use of such an office could have been in any way permitted—even if we may not almost say authorized—by the then rulers of the Church of England." Finally, Mr. Maskell prints, for the first time, some Indulgences in English, which are more curious than edifying. He makes but a lame excuse for them. He even says, "In fact, I do not understand the principle on which for so many ages they were continually published." But he declares that it is "a lying accusation of modern days" that "indulgences and remissions of mortal sin could be obtained by money." Yet surely he ought to grant that such a belief and such a practice were the inevitable abuse of what was, on his own showing, an unintelligible and indefensible custom. And what has he to say of the "indulged" altars of the Roman churches in our own days? Considering that he has made these additions to his collections, we wonder, and we regret, that Mr. Maskell has not supplemented the famous *Defensorium Directorii ad Usum Sarum* of Clement Maydeston by the not less valuable *Crede Michi*; and the more so as he mentions that Mr. Christopher Wordsworth had lent him his manuscript of the latter document.

In the new edition of "The Ancient Liturgy," we are glad to see such frequent use made of Canon Simmons's excellent edition of the "Lay Folks' Mass Book." The new notes to this volume are, as we said, more controversial than we like; and the changes seem to us all for the worse. We think Mr. Maskell wrong in doubting that the first Roman Liturgy was in Greek, against De Rossi and other authorities. No words from him or from any one can be too strong in condemnation of the use of anything but true wine in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. We confess that we think there must be some strange mistake in the story which Mr. Maskell quotes from the *Voyage of the Sunbeam*, as to coconut milk being used instead of wine in "the Church of England Service" at Tahiti. This was said to be on temperance principles. We have heard, indeed, with as much astonishment as pain that some of the more ignorant of the clergy at home have ventured to advise the use of non-fermented juice of the grape instead of what they call intoxicating wine; but even Lord Penzance would not permit this. Bishop Hobhouse, however, is surely bound to deny, or apologize for, a statement in his own words (which Mr. Maskell quotes without giving any reference), to the effect that he once used water with bread for a pretended communion to a dying New Zealander some twenty years ago. It would be impossible without a minute comparison of page with page to mention all the changes in the notes of this volume. But we may mention generally that Mr. Maskell no longer comments on the great difficulties which the numerous signings of the cross over the elements in the Roman Canon present as to the question of their consecration. Nor does he dwell on the internal evidence afforded by certain expressions still imbedded in the Mass Service, that the Communion was intended to be received by the faithful in both kinds. On these accounts we much regret that our younger clergy will not find so useful a guide during their ritual studies in this third edition of *The Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England* as the last generation did in its predecessors. But of the great value of Mr. Maskell's books generally, and of the importance of the fact that they are now made accessible to all students, there can be no question.

DON JOHN.*

IN the bygone Oxford time of which Arthur Clough has sung, and when a set of reading men, "weary of logic, of ethic, of rhetoric still more weary" in the week, would meet in each other's rooms on Sunday evenings to find "Agathos" and "the Dark River" on the fireside tables with Manning's Sermons, the well-known keeper of a circulating library in "The High" was asked for one of Miss Sewell's stories—*Lancelot Parsonage*, if we remember rightly. His reply of "Child's book—we don't keep it" was uttered with as much contempt as he could manage to convey by voice and expression combined. But a "child's book," then as now, may be well worth the attention of older "men" even than those to whom in University language the name especially belongs. If Miss Ingelow's story should appear at first sight to be a "child's book," we can nevertheless recommend older readers not to throw it aside on that account. For ourselves we may confess that on opening the first volume we imagined the author to be treading meekly in the footsteps of an excellent sister-writer, whose works, if only one were always good enough, it would always be a pleasure to read. A sound and healthy appetite can at all times enjoy porridge, milky rice-pudding, and Miss Yonge; but there are occasions when a craving is felt for something more stimulating as food, which the mental analysis of the schoolroom fails to satisfy. Of schoolroom and playroom talk *Don John* provides an abundant supply, and it is very good of its kind, but beneath this simple exterior Miss Ingelow's work contains material for the exercise of deeper thought. If we may conceive the traditional raspberry jam of the nursery used as the vehicle for something far more subtle and potent than its familiar "powder," which at the same time should have no effect whatever on the non-adult constitution, and leave not even the suspicion of an unpleasant taste, the analogy may not be unsuitably applied to *Don John*. Children will delight in the story; their mothers, especially in the early bloom and glory of young matronhood, will be exasperated by it, and will exhaust all their gentle vocabulary of pitying contempt on the author; but they will read it faithfully through not the less. Physiologists and supporters of the doctrine of heredity will join issue with the author on scientific grounds, though they may not improbably remain in the dark as to the conclusion towards which she is leading them, till, in a single closing paragraph, or "l'envoi," she suddenly turns round upon and disconcerts their inferences.

A happy and perhaps unpremeditated phrase of Bishop Wilberforce, descriptive of the earliest stage of baby-life, is recalled by Miss Ingelow's earlier chapters. Its occasion was the stone-laying ceremony of a school in "Banburyshire" about the time of the Crimean war. "Education," the Bishop said, "begins from the day when the infant begins to be anything more than a sort of animated vegetable." Miss Ingelow hardly allows to the baby even so humble a place as this in the ranks of organized life. The vegetable is at any rate, according to the conditions of its existence, a carrot or a cucumber as the case may be; and its characteristics are not altered, though its development may be modified, by the accident of its being planted in a hotbed or in the open ground. But the baby of the *Don John* theory, as we read it, is substance pure and simple, animated indeed, but otherwise independent of any accident whatever except clothes and the original colour of its eyes, and, if it has any, of its hair. Or, to use a less abstract metaphor, babies are to Miss Ingelow as bottles cast from the same furnace and in the same mould, absolutely and transparently empty. Given this postulate, and allowing opportunities for the infants to become irretrievably mixed, the problem submitted to the reader is one which requires great ingenuity in the working, since its solution, if it is to be solved at all, seems to be equally out of the reach of chance and of the Court of Chancery. Dramatically, the problem is not solved; all the characters of the story live and die under a mistake, and the secret is only revealed as it existed in the author's mind by the final paragraph. In this she has exhibited genuine art, since, under the conditions of the story, unless by the introduction of some vulgar mechanical expedient, the truth could never really have been known. If there is any appearance of uncertainty in the handling of the delicate threads which run through the whole, it is at a single point, which will be noticed in its place.

"Don John" is a school and nursery name in brief for Donald Johnstone, and it is in keeping with the fanciful and imaginative type which marks the children of the Johnstone household. Donald Johnstone, the father, is a London solicitor, living in Harley Street, and with a house in the country. The original confusion upon which the plot depends is cleverly contrived by means of an attack of scarlet fever, and of the consequent sudden removal of the infant Don John into lodgings with the young widow who is his wet nurse. The idea of changing the children is suggested to this nurse, Maria Aird, by her mother, who anticipates some possible subsequent advantage from the fraud. Mrs. Aird resists the temptation for a time; and when a sudden impulse leads her to yield just before she is herself struck down by the fever, she does not communicate the fact to her mother, and she does not know which child is restored by her mother to the Johnstone family. The mother is killed in a street accident, and the secret dies with her, while the child remaining with the nurse is attacked by the fever, and is much

altered in appearance by the time of Mrs. Aird's recovery. At this early stage of the story the position must not be examined too closely. Changing the children while they were in the same house meant merely changing their clothes; but the children were not of the same age. The difference was only one of weeks—two or six, for there is here a discrepancy; yet in the earliest stage of infancy it would have been material to experienced eyes, although the absolute conviction of all young mothers that "no one could possibly mistake her own child" is inadmissible as a plea in the present case, where the author of *Don John* is designedly laughing it to scorn. At the period when Mrs. Aird, who has married again, and is thenceforth known as Mrs. Collingwood, restores the child Lancelot to Mr. Johnstone, with the confession of her own misdoing and her ignorance as to its result, the boys are at an age when the seniority of one by a few weeks could not be detected by any physical test. And, as the years go by, no test whatever proves effective, while the only apparent indications are misleading. The boys in their early childhood are placed in the charge of a relative in France, are known only by nursery names, and are never seen by the Johnstones, in the hope that by family likeness or some inherited signs of character the doubt as to identity may be removed. But the author holds that, while a general national likeness or physical type exists as a rule, the so-called family likeness is merely the reproduction of abnormal peculiarities of feature or form in exceptional cases, and nothing comes of this. There is at first a certain blind instinct or yearning occasionally struggling against reasonable conviction in the two mothers; and in the later days of boyhood there is a leaning, which may be represented as instinctive, on Lancelot's part to the mother who has brought him up. This, however, is counterbalanced as an argument by an equally instinctive repugnance on the part of Don John to the carpenter's widow; and the two mothers settle down into an absolute certainty. "A mother's instinct, both in your heart and mine, soon grew too strong for any mistake to be possible." Lancelot is recognized all along as the adopted son of the Johnstones, and no one in the family seems to have been at all troubled as to the reason of the adoption. A certain slowness of perception may account for this apathy in Don John; and the question is at last asked by Lancelot when his suspicions have been excited. The answer of Mr. Johnstone allays the suspicion without explaining the truth, which is made known to both youths at once by Mrs. Collingwood, now again a widow.

Upon Lancelot the knowledge produces little effect; in the case of Don John the doubt with its consequent anxiety results in a serious illness, and affects the whole of his subsequent conduct, though in a measure he is reassured by some symptoms of faintness which he imagines to indicate a heart disease inherited from his father. With his slowness of perception is united a keenness of susceptibility, and, while the calm and placid nature of Mrs. Johnstone appears to be represented in the former characteristic, there is much in the elder Donald which would account for the latter. In his integrity and purity of life he shows evident traces of the home in which both he and Lancelot have been brought up; but to Lancelot, from his earliest childhood, lying and thieving are alike easy and natural. Lancelot is the quicker boy of the two; he is plausible, and in his way attractive, but he is utterly without heart or conscience. From the infancy in which he purloins toys, through the boyhood in which he steals from his schoolfellows and from his supposed and adopted mothers, to the manhood in which he robs his employer, there is not the faintest resemblance in his nature to any member of the Johnstone family. On the other hand, Mr. Johnstone is enabled to extract from Mrs. Collingwood the admission that her first husband, Lancelot Aird, had been "in trouble" for theft, her own character being confessedly tainted by the fraud which forms the groundwork of the story. Don John is devoted to his home, where he is the trusted adviser of the younger members of the family as he is the stay of his parents. Lancelot is always either being sent away, or running away, from the same home as his thieving propensities become developed, and represents the prodigal son in everything but his repentance. "And yet, after all, he was the true Don John"; the other, "their joy and their comfort, and in the course of years all they had of honour and distinction, . . . though in this world they were never to know it—this was the carpenter's son." If there are among our own or Miss Ingelow's readers some who shrink almost unconsciously from the last quoted words, the reason is surely not far to seek. Don John himself may represent an ideal character, the result, not of parentage, but of training; but, with the parentage assigned to him by the author, we could wish that she had chosen some other handicraft for the husband of Maria Aird. "The true Don John"—the Lancelot of the story—"was to trouble them no more for ever. He was quiet in the keeping of the sea." It is, we are inclined to think, clear to the author's mind, although she might have made it more clear to that of average readers, that the life or death of Lancelot could make no difference to Don John's position in regard to Captain Leslie's bequest, whether of personality or of land. Don John's scruples on this subject arise partly from a perplexing doubt, and partly from an overstrained moral sensitiveness; but the bequest itself was specifically in favour of a person known to the testator, and was not of the nature of a devise to the heir-at-law of Donald Johnstone.

In the most carefully written story an oversight here and there is very pardonable; although perhaps the confusion of identity between characters in the drama need scarcely have been repro-

* *Don John: a Story.* By Jean Ingelow. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

duced as between Solomon and St. Paul. Yet where does Miss Ingelow find the twice-quoted maxim, "The wages of sin are hard"? Or, descending to modern times, how is it that she qualifies the compliment of her evident discipleship to the biographer of ants by assigning to the invention of Bank Holidays—"the first Bank Holiday Parliament made"—a date more than twenty years earlier than the passing of his Act? On the chronology of post-cards, photographs, and twenty-word telegrams we might also find something to say; but it is only fair to the author to admit that such minor details would very probably have escaped our notice if the general character and interest of the story had not been such as to lead us to read it carefully through a second time before writing upon it. We do not accept the physiological theory which we understand these volumes to maintain; we regard it as contrary to experience, unscientific, and unsound; but the author has made it the basis for a carefully worked out and very interesting story, which belongs to a class entirely apart from the commonplace novels of the day.

LIFE OF LACORDAIRE.*

MRS. SIDNEY LEAR, who, as our readers are aware, has already supplied the English public with interesting sketches of Bossuet, Fénelon, and other worthies of the later Gallican Church, finds in Lacordaire, the most winning and conspicuous figure among the French clergy of our own day, a still more congenial subject for her pen. She writes, as is her wont, with the sympathy and admiration which are indispensable in a biographer, and which her present hero was sure to evoke, but without falling into the mistake too common among biographers as well as hagiologists—not excepting, as she observes, Lacordaire himself in his *Life of St. Dominic*—of "an appropriate tone of panegyric, as if the saint were undergoing his Academy laudation." To a life so full of human interest as Lacordaire's such a method of treatment would indeed be peculiarly unsuited, and the author has rightly judged that a simple record of his sayings and doings will speak best for itself. The great orator and Dominican of the future was the second son of a Royalist physician in the little town of Recey-sur-Orce, in Burgundy, where he was born May 12, 1802, and baptized by the curé, who had been hospitably housed and concealed by his father during the troublous times of the Revolution. Those who knew him as a child say that he was "very beautiful, a medley of gentleness and petulance, of docility and vehemence," and, like many other children destined to a similar career, he used to play at being a priest and preach long sermons to which his nurse was the patient if much-enduring listener. At ten years old he was sent by his mother—his father had died some years before—to the *lycée* at Dijon, where he seems at first to have been very unhappy, and after making his first communion two years later he soon lost all religious belief, not so much, according to his own account, from the active as the passive dangers to faith involved in the existing educational system, which did nothing to sustain it. He had "a very religious soul and a very sceptical mind," and at the age of seventeen he carried his scepticism with him from the *lycée* to the *École de Droit*, where he remained five years, with every promise of success in the legal profession. But it did not satisfy him; when nearly twenty-two he experienced what would be described in religious language as a conversion, and astonished his friends by the announcement that he "had made up his mind, and was going to the *Séminaire*." He accordingly entered St. Sulpice, cured of his scepticism, but by no means divested of the liberal principles which he had imbibed at the *École de Droit* and retained through life. When he finally broke with Lamennais seven years afterwards, he took care to assure him that he had not renounced his liberal opinions; in a letter published not many years before his death he declared himself "a penitent Catholic and an impenitent Liberal"; and in a private letter addressed to Guizot, only ten days before he died, to thank him for a copy of his work on the Church and Christian Society in 1861, he expresses his entire agreement with the great outlines of the work, as to the imperative necessity of religious liberty honestly carried out for the good of all Christian communities, as the only means whereby the world and the Church are to be saved. A student thus minded was likely to be looked on with some perplexity and suspicion by his ecclesiastical superiors in the Seminary, who moreover were scandalized by his sallies of "French liveliness, seasoned with Burgundian wit," but he at once became a favourite with his youthful companions, and delighted in what he felt as "a sort of renewing of his boyhood." It is to the credit of the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Quélen, that from the first he had the discernment to appreciate and encourage the gifted neophyte, whom he ordained priest in 1827 and appointed shortly afterwards to the chaplaincy of a convent. Lamennais, then at the height of his influence, was attracting all the Catholic enthusiasm of young France, and it was only natural that Lacordaire, who had so much in common with him, should resolve to "visit the only great man in the Church of France" at La Chesnaie, where also he first made the acquaintance of Montalembert, who was thenceforth to become his dearest friend for life. They were associated in the establishment of the famous and fateful *Avenir*, under the editorship of Lamennais, which eventually

led to their separation from their great master and his separation from the Church. Its character is thus described:—

The founders of the *Avenir* professed respect for the Charte and the law, but beyond that the most entire independence as regarded the powers that be. Liberty of the press and war to the knife upon arbitrary privilege, freedom of education and abolition of a university monopoly, liberty of association and war upon the old anti-monastic laws which had been revived in an evil day; liberty, i.e. moral independence for the clergy, and war against the *Budget des Cultes*. The only limitations assigned to these liberties were vague and general, and even these were not unfrequently outstepped in the eagerness of discussion. "It must be confessed," writes one of Lacordaire's friends, "that they were more keen to obtain their object than to forestall its abuse. Too radical in its principles, their doctrine became still more so in practice. 'Liberty is not to be given, but taken,' was their cry, and they carried out the precept. Every morning they charged their foes afresh, every day they recorded new victories. They addressed the clergy as an army ready for battle; they lashed out furiously, goading on the dilatory, pillorying deserters. The enemy was given no quarter: philosophers, iconoclasts, ministers, *ombres de procureurs*, universalists, bourgeois, Gallicans, all found themselves attacked at once. Resistance only kindled their fire; the sun was for ever going down too soon upon their warlike ardour; patience and consideration found little favour in their strategy. To-morrow was nowhere in their calculations, everything must be had to day; they were prepared to wrest forcibly and at the sword's edge whatever was not readily conceded. This haughty, antagonistic attitude, this want of experience of men and things, more excusable in the younger disciples than in their leader, seems to us the great evil of the *Avenir*. Error and exaggeration would have been corrected by time, counsel, and the practical teaching of facts. But these haughty, intolerant utterances, specially coming from the lips of clergy, disturbed even their friends. The responsibility of this false position fell chiefly upon de la Mennais and Lacordaire. It was the latter who wrote the fiercest diatribes, and faced the most burning questions. The articles on the suppression of the *Clerical Budget* were written by him. It is true that later on Lacordaire sought to retrace himself in the *Ère Nouvelle*, taking up the opposite side of the question as to the suppression of the *Budget des Cultes*; but if law and justice are to be found in the newspaper of 1843, assuredly all *verve* and warmth are in that of 1830."

The three friends were indicted for articles attacking the Government, and again for opening a free school, and in both cases Lacordaire acted as his own counsel with signal success, gaining in the first an acquittal, and in the second "a defeat more triumphant than a victory," as it vindicated their cause at the bar of public opinion. But after their journey to Rome, and the adverse decision which Lamennais had almost extorted from the reigning Pope, Gregory XVI., but would not accept, the bond of sympathy was broken, and Lacordaire finally left La Chesnaie at the end of 1832, not, as we have seen, renouncing his opinions, but "convinced that the Church had good and wise reasons, amid the utter corruption of parties, for refusing to go as fast as we wished." His break with Montalembert was temporary only, but both of them became permanently and hopelessly estranged from their old leader. The next year Lacordaire preached his first sermon in Paris, at St. Roch, and it proved—as has happened with the first essay of other great orators—an utter failure, so that his hearers went away saying he was an able man but would never be a good preacher, and he shared the impression himself at the time. When however in the following January he was appointed to deliver a series of Conferences at the Collège Stanislas, the chapel was crowded, and in 1835 he delivered by invitation of the Archbishop the first of his famous Conferences to an overflowing audience at Notre Dame; he describes these discourses himself as "neither belonging wholly to dogmatic teaching nor to pure controversy, but a medley both of teaching and discussion," for which his own sceptical experiences had peculiarly fitted him:—

Up to this time, he writes, my life had been spent in study and in polemics, but through my Conferences I entered upon the mysterious work of the apostolate. Intercourse with souls began to open to me, that intercourse which is the true happiness of any priest who is worthy of his mission, and which takes away every shadow of regret at having given up earthly ties and hopes. Through the pulpit of Notre Dame these bonds of affection and gratitude, which could spring from no ordinary gifts of nature, arose—bonds which unite the man and the apostle with as much of sweetness as of strength.

So little however was his head turned by this sudden and marvellous success that a year afterwards, in spite of the urgent entreaties of the Archbishop, he deliberately retired from the pulpit he had already made historical to enter the Dominican noviciate at Rome, where he took the habit in Sta. Maria Minerva on April 9, 1839. On his return to Paris at the end of the next year Affré, who had always befriended him, and whose heroic death on the barricades in 1848 gilds his memory with a halo of martyrdom, had succeeded De Quélen, and he at once invited Lacordaire to resume his place in the pulpit of Notre Dame, where the shaven crown and white robe of St. Dominic had not been seen for half a century. Both the Archbishop and the Minister of Worship were present, and the experiment proved a great success. But there was considerable opposition on the part of the Government when two years later, after the Order had been formally re-established in France, Mgr. Affré asked him to recommence his course of Conferences. Louis Philippe sent for the Archbishop to the Tuileries, and warned him that, if any disturbance ensued, he should not have a single soldier or national guard to help him. But Affré held his ground, and the event justified his resolution. "In December 1843, Lacordaire once more took possession of the pulpit of Notre Dame, which he occupied for eight consecutive years, until the *coup d'état* of 1851." There, as elsewhere, he looked upon himself pre-eminently as "the Apostle of youth"; his element was among young men, whom he never failed to attract and to win and preserve their confidence. It was on them chiefly that he bestowed his individual care; "except in

* *Henri Dominique Lacordaire: a Biographical Sketch.* By H. L. Sidney Lear. London: Rivingtons. 1882.

his own Order and among these young men, Lacordaire undertook but little personal direction of souls."

After the Revolution of 1848 he was pressed by Ozanam and others of his young disciples to come to the front again in politics, and for a short time he conducted the *Ère Nouvelle*, besides allowing himself to be elected member for Marseilles and taking his seat in the Assembly. But he was, as he said, "not a *républicain de la veille*, but a simple *républicain du lendemain*"; he was "no democrat," and he soon relinquished a position which, "impenitent Liberal" as he was, he felt to be incongruous. The *coup d'état* of 1851 was a great blow to him, and virtually caused his retirement from public life. Some hidden presentiment, as Montalembert puts it, had led him in opening his Lent Conferences that year to take a solemn farewell of the pulpit of Notre Dame, which he had first ascended seventeen years before, and from that time, though he was more than once invited by the Archbishop, "it became impossible for him to preach in Paris"; his voice was heard there for the last time in February 1853 at St. Roch, the same church where his first unsuccessful sermon had been delivered nineteen years before. There appears to have been no formal prohibition, but it was understood that his bold, incisive eloquence would no longer be tolerated by the authorities of the Second Empire, with which his openly avowed convictions were entirely out of harmony. The first use he made of his comparative leisure was to pay a short visit to England, and two interesting letters are quoted containing his impressions of Oxford. One extract must suffice here:—

What a beautiful charming place this Oxford is! . . . You cross silent quadrangles, meeting no one save here and there a young fellow in cap and gown; there is no crowd, no noise; the air seems solemn, like the age-stained walls around, and it seems as if they never made any repairs for fear of sinning against antiquity. Nevertheless there is an exquisite cleanliness everywhere supreme. I never saw so much apparent ruin with so much preservation. In Italy the buildings seem young; here time leaves its stamp, but without dilapidation, and after a majestic fashion. This town is small, and yet it is grand; the number of public buildings takes the place of mere size, and makes it imposing.

But the great work of Lacordaire's later years was the school at Sorèze, which passed into his hands in 1854, and of which Mr. Matthew Arnold drew a glowing picture at the time under the title of "a French Eton." Here his peculiar capabilities for dealing with the young found full scope, and the number of boys rapidly doubled itself. He preferred to work by persuasion rather than restraint, and accordingly left the performance of all religious duties absolutely free; "no boy was *obliged* to perform any." He took as much pains with his weekly sermons to his boys in the School Chapel as he had ever taken with his Conferences at Notre Dame, and they were looked forward to as eagerly and heard as attentively as Dr. Arnold's sermons used to be at Rugby. He was always ready to receive any of his pupils who wished to come to him for confession, and mixed with them freely as a friend out of school hours. He denies emphatically, in reply to a friendly remonstrance, that he is wasting his time in being "at the mercy of two hundred boys who have the right to run in and out of your room from morning to night about every manner of trifle," as well as for more serious matters. They, on the other hand, idolized him, and when on one occasion they heard of a report current at Toulouse that the students of Sorèze had hung their director in effigy, "one of the head boys instantly jumped up and answered, '*Mon Père*, they know a great deal at Toulouse, but there is one thing they don't know which we should like to teach them, and that is that every single one of us would very willingly be hung for you.'" Lacordaire on his part wrote to his intimate friend, Mme. Swetchine, that he grew fonder and fonder of Sorèze the longer he stayed there. Once only the privacy of his latter days was honourably broken, by his election at the end of 1859 to the vacant chair of De Tocqueville in the French Academy. He appeared on January 24, 1861, to make his oration and take his seat among the Immortals. But Sorèze was destined to be, as he had earnestly desired, his latest earthly home. In the summer of 1861 his health gradually declined, and on November 6, after receiving the last sacraments, he took leave of his beloved pupils one by one, speaking separately to each and giving him his blessing; a fortnight afterwards in the stillness of the evening he quietly passed away. Not long before he had said to his boys, "If my sword is rusted, it has been in your service." "Rusted it was not," replied one of them, when all was over, "but now it is broken indeed." Mrs. Lear's book is the brief but expressive record of a noble and beautiful life, touching alike in its purity, its simplicity, its self-forgetfulness; nor could we desire a biographer better qualified to do it justice.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE three stories which Bret Harte (1) now republishes together are arranged in inverse order according to their merit. The worst is first, and the best is last. They are all three, however, what Mr. Harte's stories usually are when they are short—very readable. "Flip," which begins the volume, and gives it its name, is a capital story spoilt by a gloomy ending and by sentiment of the kind that Dickens was particularly fond of in his more lachrymose moods. The very wild courtship of Flip and Lance Harriott, which is bright and pleasant in its opening, need not have had the

end it has, unless Mr. Harte wanted to be pathetic *quand même*. The pathos, too, is largely got by sacrificing the consistency of the characters. Such a man as Lance Harriott would not have feebly resolved on suicide on learning that he had shot the brother of the woman he loves in a chance brawl. Neither would he have tamely submitted to be suffocated with charcoal with her by his side. He might have begun to do so, but the animal instinct of self-preservation would have been too strong for him. "The Gentleman of La Porte" is gayer, and therefore better, though we are too obviously expected to drop the tear of sensibility over parts of it. "Found at Blazing Star" can happily be read with a dry eye, and yet a clear conscience. It is the story of how Mr. Cass Beard of the "Blazing Star" camp found a plain gold ring with the words "May to Cass" engraved inside; then how Mr. Cass built up a little romance on the discovery, and how it was shattered, and yet gave birth in its turn to a real romance, with a happy ending. There is just as much melodrama in the story as suits the Californian surroundings Mr. Harte loves, and there is a very frank and pleasant heroine.

Mr. Jenkinson's very voluminous title-page applies to about a fourth of his little book (2). The remaining three-fourths are devoted, not to the Zulus, but to the domestic affairs of Mr. Jenkinson during his service as a missionary in South Africa. They have just that mild flavour of small beer which those who love to read about missionaries and their doings thoroughly appreciate. Mr. Jenkinson and his family had obviously a pleasant sense that a special Providence looked after their breakfast milk and eggs. The chronicle of their domestic concerns is given at length, adorned with a profusion of pious commonplace, as if it was of high and general interest. Perhaps, as the book is apparently directed to those audiences who delight in missionary addresses at Exeter Hall, Mr. Jenkinson is not wholly wrong. The first part is, however, of more general interest. It contains, among other matters of interest about Natal and the native races, a rather full account of the Kaffir laws as to marriage and inheritance, by one Umpenqula, a native deacon. It has been said that the shrewdest European lawyer would have considerable difficulty in deciding the complicated questions which arise out of the institution of polygamy; and after reading the commentary of the learned Umpenqula, we can well believe it. If there were a lawyer class in Zululand they would reap a glorious harvest out of divisions of the inheritance between the children of the wife of the right hand, the wife of the left, and the great wife. Mr. Jenkinson's knowledge of the subject should make him and his fellow-missionaries reflect on the extreme difficulty of uprooting a custom so intertwined in the Zulu's daily life as polygamy.

Under the somewhat inaccurate title of *Occident and Orient* (3) the writer who calls himself "The Vagabond" gives a very readable account of a sailing voyage from Melbourne to Shanghai, and of what he saw there. Perhaps the most interesting things in the book are what we learn about "The Vagabond" himself. He would appear to live in this world for the sole purpose of teaching by example exactly what is meant by a rolling stone. Like the more famous Captain Trelawny, he has been as far as God has earth, and seems to be possessed with a passion for going wherever man can go for the mere purpose of being there and seeing what there is to see. To do him justice, he is a capable observer, and can look below the surface of things. His book is not full of mere tittle-tattle. The great question of Chinese cheap labour is largely and shrewdly dealt with in his pages. As we learn from himself, he has always been a defender of the Chinese immigrant, and considers that the outcry against him is mostly got up by loafers, rowdies, and larrikins. The experience gained in a voyage to Shanghai has, however, converted him to the exclusionist view. His change of opinion is not due to a new dislike to the "moon-eyed lepers," which, it seems, is the correct Australian term for the Chinese, but simply to the belief that they are too formidable. According to "The Vagabond," they are beating European and American traders out of the treaty ports by sheer superiority in business habits and greater economy. They learn too quick, and are so terribly numerous. Very soon they will have the whole trade of their country in their hands on both sides of the seas, and are only too likely to swamp the European colonies in Australasia and the Pacific States of America. They are formidable, according to "The Vagabond," mainly on account of their virtues. No doubt there is exaggeration in his picture, but it can do Australia no harm to have a vigorous account given it of the enemy it has to meet in trade, an account which is a set-off against the brutal clamour of the agitator.

Old Colonials (4) is another account of Australian life of much the same general character as the writings of "The Vagabond." The author, Mr. Boyd, appears to have written a number of sketches of Queensland manners and customs for a colonial paper, and now republishes them. They belong to a kind of descriptive writing which is familiar enough in London papers, and are rather better than most of the class, being fairly free from the inflated English and sham sentiment of our own "descriptive writer." They are illustrated by numerous engravings from charcoal

(2) *Amazulu. The Zulus; their Past History, Manners, Customs, and Language.* By Thomas B. Jenkinson, B.A. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1882.

(3) *Occident and Orient: Sketches on Both Sides of the Pacific.* By the Author of "The Vagabond Papers," &c. Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane: George Robertson. 1882.

(4) *Old Colonials.* By A. J. Boyd (Old Chum). London: Gordon & Gotch. 1882.

(1) *Flip, and other Stories.* By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus. 1882.

sketches by Mr. Boyd himself, of a highly remarkable kind. They violate every law of perspective, and the anatomy is astounding, and yet there is a certain life and pictorial truth about them. We recommend his portrait of the "Swagsman," a creature apparently gifted by nature with six fingers, to any artist in search of a new bogey for a Christmas number.

It would be exceedingly easy to show that the *Episodes in the Life of an Indian Chaplain* (5) were not worth publishing, and that the Retired Chaplain is an enemy of the reading human race for inflicting the book on them. There is, we should imagine, nothing in it about India which has not been said already by more competent writers. Nevertheless, it is a harmless and even commendable little book, nicely got up, written in a wholesome spirit; and, as it is meant chiefly for his own children, will have a real interest for the public addressed by the "Retired Chaplain."

Nothing but an almost diseased passion for making jokes could have induced Miss O. A. Jones to call her book *The Foreign Freaks of Five Friends* (6). There is not a freak in it, and nothing particularly foreign. If five English ladies make a nice little tour on the Continent, with the quite innocent wish to see as much as possible for a moderate sum of money, that is a very natural, but wholly uninteresting, fact. We greatly pity the guileless person who, trusting in the title, buys this pretty little book with the hope of being amused. It is illustrated by a number of clever little sketches, which do to some extent enliven the text.

We quite agree with Mr. Godwin (7) that the country from Hind Head to Petersfield is beautiful and worth a visit. We even agree that it is worth writing about; but not as it is done by Mr. Godwin. He is terribly addicted to the vice of pictorial writing, particularly of the historic kind. Nobody will go to Petersfield the sooner for being told that it is delightful in numerous pages of small jests and mild sentiment, flavoured with quaintness by the easy method of quotation from Pepys. Really it ought to be considered beneath the dignity of anybody who is not a descriptive writer for the *Daily Telegraph* to swell his paragraphs by such stuff as this:—"The poor king" (Charles II.) "for once feels himself ennobled, the magnificent panorama awakening in his heart some feeling akin to appreciation of the sublime, and rising slightly in his stirrups, he exclaims, 'This is a country worth fighting for.'"

Mr. Compton's "Winscombe Sketches" (8) is one of those series of description of rural life made, apparently, mainly for the love of describing, which give a small proportion of interesting details largely watered by mild moral reflection. It seems to have proved acceptable to some class of readers, since it has reached a second edition.

Mrs. Tucker-Macchetta has published a book of reminiscences of many visits, at Cambridge and Nahant, to Longfellow (9). It is mainly remarkable for showing the artless hero-worship of Mrs. Tucker-Macchetta and the childlike simplicity of Mr. Longfellow. The poet would seem to have delighted in the incense burnt for him by his worshippers, and to have approved of the curious forms it took with an astonishing absence of anything approaching to a sense of humour. Mr. Longfellow saw a great part of the book, and found it very good, and remarked on the chapter containing his personal description, "Why, that is my portrait; flattered certainly, but it is me, and I will never have another taken better than that." Certainly he must have been hard to please if he was not satisfied with his portrait, which shames the most heroic of romance heroes. There was, however, one part of this work which did not please Mr. Longfellow—the account of his visit to Queen Victoria. But Mrs. Tucker-Macchetta thought "it would have been a pity to overlook so salient a point in his character of an American poet." Monarchy has still something to do in the world if it can supply salient points to the characters of American poets. The visit was made remarkable by Mr. Longfellow's puzzlement as to what the Queen can have meant when she said, "Even my servants have read your poems." It will not be the fault of his countrymen if Longfellow is not made ridiculous at last.

Mr. G. R. Emerson has written a biography of Mr. Gladstone (10) which gives such an account of his life as can be gathered by moderate industry out of the papers. The biographer has a due admiration for his hero, but it does not lead him either into very excessive laudation or vituperation of the other side, or rather sides. He goes steadily along with his facts, taking it for granted without superfluous assertion that Mr. Gladstone has been getting more and more in the right from the beginning.

Mr. Robert Galloway has a good subject in the History of Coal-Mining (11), and he follows it well out. His book is not confined

to the mere process of extracting the coal from the earth, but diverges into accounts of its use in different industries. Properly speaking, he has written a history of the use of fuel from the earliest times. How far Mr. Galloway is accurate in the strictly technical parts of his book we cannot undertake to say, but he is clear and readable. From the fact that he does not quote his authorities, we conclude that his object has been only to write a popular book; and we believe that he will be found to have succeeded.

Under the title of *A True Story of the Western Pacific* (12) Mr. Romilly gives a singularly graphic and interesting account of his experiences in Rotumah, whither he went in company with Mr. Arthur Gordon, who was sent there officially, or semi-officially, by Sir Arthur Gordon, in answer to a petition presented at Fiji by the three most powerful chiefs of Rotumah. The book consists only of 82 small pages, but every one of them is interesting. The "ghost" experience at the end, which the author will not accept as supernatural, and cannot explain as natural, is one of the best stories of the kind that we have seen.

It has suggested itself to Messrs. Gray and Maidment as a commendable thing to produce a new Joe Miller. They have done so, and have called it *A Banquet of Wit* (13). The wit consists largely of such funniness as this:—"Tuesday.—Went to the west end of the town—bought some old clothes—took in—gave great price for de breeches, thinking I felt a guinea in de fob left there by mistake—only done to cheat me," &c. This delightful jest is from a paper which was "dropped from the pocket of a Jew well known upon 'Change.'" It is something to have produced a very bad specimen of a dull class of book, and to have got it nicely printed on excellent paper.

Mr. Larwood's *Theatrical Anecdotes* (14) is just such another book as the *Banquet of Wit*. It is made up of dull snippets professing to be funny. There is a large class of persons who will eagerly devour anything which has the word "theatrical" written on it, and who will therefore enjoy Mr. Larwood's collection of anecdotes. For such persons there is probably some amusement to be got out of learning that two players had beaten one another about the head with the skulls provided for the Grave Scene in *Hamlet*.

We should imagine that no more unhappy plan ever suggested itself to the minor poet than to take the *Pilgrim's Progress* (15) and make indifferent verse of it, which is the sacrilege committed by Mr. Richard Ball Rutter. Whatever can be done by red line round the margin, good printing, and hand-made paper, to atone for a literary barbarism, has been done by Mr. Rutter's publishers. If saved at all, which we doubt, it will indeed be by beauties not his own.

The contributors to the *Journal of Education* (16) have followed up the collection of *Prize Translations, Poems and Parodies*, by a somewhat similar collection. It contains some good translations in verse—one by Mr. E. D. A. Morshead of Goethe's "Die Liebende schreibt," which is not unworthy of the reputation gained by his "House of Atreus"; and a vigorous rendering of Uhland's "Die Sterbenden Helden" by Mr. James Rhoades. The editor has had the courage to grapple with the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, and has been by no means unsuccessful in catching the pithy style of the original. He is not, however, justified in making his English look as if it had been written in the first half of the sixteenth century. He is older than La Rochefoucauld.

The "New Hand" who undertakes to give us the *Songs of a Lost World* (17) is perhaps no worse than the other minor kinds of minor poets. Yet we certainly think that he excels most of his class in the flatness of his verse and the audacity of his dealings with grammar. The following is not worse than his middling bad style:—

The days are happy upon an age of gold;
Not that sweet sung in Hellas dear of old;
And all man's soul is choked with thirsting it,
And the great lust is on him all his days
Until he dies; and oft of it is dead.

We incline to think that the author of *Songs of Many Days* (18) is a lady—the sentiments are so tremendous, the passions rage so demoniacally, there is such a profusion of blood and thunder. All that is perfectly visible on the surface of the songs—what they are all about is concealed by miracles of fine language.

It is not what our Chinese friends call "fair pigeon" in a gentleman to put all the favourable things said by the critics of his last book at the beginning of a new one (19), just opposite the title-page. It is a common practice, but, like a great many other things that are common, it is highly wrong. It disturbs the

(5) *Episodes in the Life of an Indian Chaplain*. By a Retired Chaplain. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(6) *The Foreign Freaks of Five Friends*. By C. A. Jones. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1882.

(7) *The Green Lanes of Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex*. By the Rev. G. N. Godwin. London: Griffith & Farran.

(8) *Winscombe Sketches of Rural Life and Scenery amongst the Mendip Hills*. By Theodore Compton. London: William Poole.

(9) *The Home Life of Henry W. Longfellow*. By Blanche Roosevelt Tucker-Macchetta. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(10) *William Ewart Gladstone: a Political and Literary Biography*. By G. R. Emerson. London: Ward, Lock & Co.

(11) *A History of Coal-Mining in Great Britain*. By Robert L. Galloway. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

(12) *A True Story of the Western Pacific in 1879-80*. By Hugh Hastings Romilly. London: Longmans.

(13) *A Banquet of Wit*. Compiled from Numerous Sources by James Gray and J. J. B. Maidment. London: Pickering & Co.

(14) *Mayfair Library—Theatrical Anecdotes*. By Jacob Larwood. London: Chatto & Windus. 1882.

(15) *Scenes from the "Pilgrim's Progress"*. By Richard Ball Rutter. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(16) *Prizes and Proximes for Prose and Verse Translation; with some Original Poems by Contributors to the "Journal of Education"*. London: John Walker. 1882.

(17) *Songs of a Lost World*. By a New Hand. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1882.

(18) *Songs of Many Days*. By K. C. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1882.

(19) *Storm-Drift. Poems and Sonnets*. By H. E. Clarke. London: David Bogue. 1882.

nerves of the reviewer, and makes him feel guilty in differing from so many illustrious persons. In Mr. Clarke's case we feel greatly tempted to apply a line from his own "Craven's Tragedy" to the favourable notices opposite the title-page—

Bat Philip lies, the peasant lies, all lie.

There is just music enough, of a music-hall kind, in Mr. Clarke's rhymes, to give them a superficial air of being poetry.

We have received a variety of maps from Mr. Stanford, all intended to illustrate the present war in Egypt, some giving the whole country and others giving parts of it in great detail. It is almost unnecessary to say that the workmanship of these maps is excellent, and that evidently no care has been spared in making them accurate (20). Messrs. G. W. Bacon & Co. (21) are also bringing out some valuable maps. Their Large Print Shilling Map is one of the best things of its kind we have seen. Among Messrs. Bacon's other maps is one which is quite a little education. It is called the "Pictorial View of the World," and gives a vast amount of information, from the types of races down to their coins, on a single sheet.

(20) *Map of Lower Egypt.* By Lieut.-Col. W. M. Leake, R.A. *Sketch Plan of Alexandria, showing Fortifications—Lower Egypt.* *Stanford's Map of the Nile Delta.* *Stanford's Large-Scale Map of the Seat of Military Operations in Lower Egypt.* Egypt. London: Edward Stanford.
(21) *Large-Scale War Map of North-West Egypt.* *Bird's-Eye View of Egypt looking North from the Pyramids.* *Large Print Shilling War Map of Egypt.* London: G. W. Bacon & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,402, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882:

England and Europe. The Egyptian Expedition. Ireland. Renewal of the War in South America. The House of Lords. London School Board Elections. The Opium Question. Lord Derby at Preston. The Temperance Jubilee.
The Copts. A Week with Mr. Dawson. The French Concordat and Disestablishment. The Welcome of an Inn. Carcassonne. Indian Railways. An American in England Forty Years Ago. The Money Market. Yachting.
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For particulars, apply to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, Hyde Park Corner, W.—The WINTER SESSION will commence on Monday, October 2, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. HERBERT WATNEY, at 4 P.M.—A Prospectus of the School, and further information, may be obtained by personal application between One and Three P.M., or by letter addressed to the DEAN of the Hospital.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE.
Mile End, E.—The SESSION 1882-83 will commence on Monday, October 2, 1882. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £50, £40, £30, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 50 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Five House-Surgeons, and One Aesculeurship; Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.

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SESSION 1882-83.
DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ARTS.
The SESSION will commence on Tuesday, October 3, 1882.
Students under Sixteen years of age are required to pass a preliminary examination.
All departments of the College are open to both sexes on the same terms.
The Calendar, containing full information as to the Classes, Fees, &c., is published by CONNIST BROTHERS, New Street, Birmingham, price 2s. 1 by post, 2s. 6d.
GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

MATRICULATION of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

January 1883.—A CLASS in all the subjects of this Examination will be held at GUY'S HOSPITAL, commencing Monday, October 9. The Class is not confined to Students of the Hospital.—For particulars apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.

NORMAL SCHOOL of SCIENCE and ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, South Kensington and Jermyn Street. The SESSION 1882-83 will open on October 2, 1882. The Prospectus may be obtained from the REGISTRAR, Normal School of Science, South Kensington, S.W.

A COLLEGE HALL for the RESIDENCE of WOMEN

who are studying at University College, London, or at the London School of Medicine for Women, will be opened, on Monday, October 2, for the accommodation of Ten Students, at 1 Byng Place, Gordon Square, W.C., and there maintained until sufficient funds have been subscribed for the erection of a larger building specially adapted to the use of Women studying in London. In the Hall now to be opened, each Student will have a Private Room, and the whole cost of Board and Residence will be from 57 to 75 Guineas for the Session of thirty-three weeks. Conditions of residence will be adapted to the wants of Student life. Full information may be obtained by letter from the Principal, Miss GROVE, 1 Byng Place.

COLLEGE HALL for the RESIDENCE of WOMEN STUDYING in LONDON.

The Executive Committee, appointed at a Meeting held at the Langham Hotel on March 27, has opened a temporary Hall, at 1 Byng Place, to be used for the residence of Women Students, until funds suffice for the erection of a permanent building specially adapted to the purpose.

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